

THE COMPLETE BEAUTY BOOK





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THE COMPLETE BEAUTY BOOK

A SERIES OF BOOKS FOR WOMEN

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THE COMPLETE HOSTESS

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Edited by CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

THE COMPLETE BEAUTY BOOK

By ELIZABETH ANSTRUTHER. Edited
by Clara E. Laughlin.

THE COMPLETE DRESSMAKER AND MILLINER

Edited by CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.



THIS IS THE POSITION TO TAKE FOR ONE'S DAILY
EXERCISE IN DEEP BREATHING.

The COMPLETE BEAUTY BOOK

BY
ELIZABETH ANSTRUTHER



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THE COMPLETE BEAUTY BOOK

INTRODUCTION

ALL personal beauty, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts: health, dress, and winsomeness, all of which are cultivable. It may not be possible, in spite of the promises of "beauty doctors," to make over a pug nose into one of Grecian outline, or to make a Cupid's bow out of a wide, thick-lipped mouth, but neither is it necessary. Perfection of feature would be nice, of course, but so would a good many other kinds of perfection which are not possible in this workaday world, and which we soon learn to get along very happily without. A clear skin, however, bright eyes, white teeth, a good figure, beautifully kept hair, attractive hands, and a graceful carriage, everyone may have who wills to have them. And a woman who has these things, and knows how to dress herself and how to make herself agreeable, will never find anyone lamenting her lack of classic features.

Of the three essentials of beauty, far and away the most important is health, for on health depends not only that wholesomeness which is so much of beauty, but that grace of carriage which some students of beauty esteem more highly than any regularity of feature, and those bubbling good spirits whose charm far outlasts any charm of languid loveliness.

So well have all intelligent American women become convinced that health is the basis of beauty that no one who does justice to the good sense of his readers will ever again attempt to tell those American women that they can buy beauty in a small jar, at two dollars a jar, and put it on when retiring. Perhaps you have noticed how much the advertising of "beauty specifics" has fallen off, and how the space it used to fill has been taken by advertisers of "common-sense" shoes, golf clubs, knitted sweaters for wear on the athletic field, and the like. And of course you have noticed that in all the reliable papers and magazines you get is a "beauty column" which points the way to beauty through proper food and exercise and nice dainty care of hands and hair and so forth. Even the Sunday supplements of newspapers give pages to the discussion of beauty through health, with pic-

tures from handsome photographs showing how to take indoor exercises, how to correct bad habits of sitting, standing, etc. Broadcast over the land, too, is the newspaper article which relates how this and that and the other world-famous beauty preserves her loveliness by taking ten-mile walks, by denying herself all rich foods, by allowing nothing to interrupt her generous amount of rest, and so forth. It takes great strength and singleness of purpose to be a noted beauty, even if a kindly Providence has so liberally endowed one that she must take the trouble only of keeping what beauty she has, and need never bother about getting any more. It takes more strength and singleness of purpose than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand women who sigh to be beautiful are capable of. And indeed it's very well that this is so, for if all the women in the world were bent on beauty to such a degree as a woman who desires to be noted for her beauty must be, we should all suffer many grievous losses. As a matter of fact, most people would rather look admiringly at a beauty now and then when she's on parade than have to live with her. What we all want of the women we love best is not that all the world should think them beautiful, but that they should seem

beautiful to us, which they wouldn't, probably, if their one thought in life was to preserve and enhance their looks.

The history of the world's beauties has always been tragic; scarcely one, since Helen of Troy, but has had a hard life and a bitter death. Sensible, sweet American girls and women don't covet that kind of beauty. But they do covet such wholesomeness and daintiness as shall make them a delight to their friends, and they're right in coveting this, and in working hard to achieve it, for it means more to the world than all the perfect beauty that ever came into it. That perfect beauty with which some women in all times have been born has seldom made anyone happy, least of all its possessor, and has driven many good men to ruin and been the means of disrupting kingdoms, dishonoring fair names, and like sorry business. But that beauty which every right-minded woman covets for herself is the world's blessing, as the other has too often been the world's bane. The beauty of a fresh-complexioned young woman, with a rose in her silky brown hair and the lovelight in her shining eyes, waiting by the gate of her cottage for the lord of that tiny manor to come home from his day's work, is worth all the opulence of hothouse

loveliness that ever lived and languished only to wage unholy conquests.

This book is written to help the wives and daughters of America in their wholly admirable purpose to make and keep themselves as sweetly attractive as they can. And it will follow the division of beauty given in the first paragraph: First, health; second, dress; third, manner.

A man with whom the writer was discussing this book in outline expressed his unbelief in the average woman's willingness to follow a common-sense route to beauty. "What they want to know," he opined, "is how they may continue to lunch off cream puffs and pickles, and still have a rose-leaf complexion; how they can lounge all day in the hammock, nibbling fudge, and still have a lithe, lovely figure, full of grace; how they can wear a dirty, draggled party dress to a luncheon where the other guests are becomingly attired in immaculate white linen suits, and still look 'smart.' That's the kind of information most of 'em are after." The writer disagreed with him; disagreed with him so emphatically that—well, she's put all the spirit she has into the writing of her Beauty Book, in the endeavor to make it so helpful, in a common-sense way, that it shall commend itself to a number of

intelligent American girls and women sufficiently large to make that man "take back" what he said of them.

So, then, with this preliminary word, we're off!

CHAPTER I

FRESH AIR BEAUTY'S CHIEF AID

WHEN a fire doesn't burn, what do you do? Fan it, don't you?—or poke it, or apply the bellows, or open the damper, anything to give it more air. Well, when anything's wrong with the health or looks or faculties of an individual, the very first thing to do is to give him more air. For, you see, the needs of our bodies are twofold: we must have energy to keep alive, and we must have energy to grow and to work. Now, energy is heat, and you can't have heat without plenty of air. Food is our fuel, and air is what fans it into flame; if it doesn't flame, it smolders, and smoldering fires are poor things to accomplish with, poor things to live with, and are likely at any minute to go out. Sluggishness is the greatest enemy of beauty, as well as of industry and other valuable things.

OXYGEN AND CARBONIC-ACID GAS

The quality in the air that makes fire burn is oxygen; it is this quality that, taken into our lungs, and from the lungs disseminated by the blood corpuscles to every part of our bodies, promotes life. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbonic-acid gas—a deadly vapor which would kill us if we did not continually eliminate it from our systems. When we are in a room where the ventilation is bad and we and other persons are rapidly absorbing all the oxygen and giving out poisonous carbonic-acid gas, we are in a fair way to die by poisoning; if all fresh air could be shut off, we *should* die. The trouble with many persons is that they give themselves just enough air to keep them semialive; a little less would kill them, a little more would help them on the road to health.

OPEN WINDOWS

People used to be afraid to sleep with their windows open because they had a curious notion that the “night air” was bad for them, particularly if they were predisposed to throat or lung trouble. Nowadays, if anyone so troubled goes to an up-to-date physician, he will be urged not only to

sleep in a room with wide-open windows, but, if possible, to sleep out of doors where nothing can restrict his supply of the healing, life-giving "night air." Night or day, the best thing any of us can do for himself is to get as much good air as possible. And there are two ways of doing this: one is to spend as much time as possible in air that is fresh and pure, and the other is to improve the time we so spend by breathing in as much of that good air as we can.

DEEP BREATHING

Hardly anyone of us breathes as deeply as we ought; especially those of us who lead sedentary lives fall into the habit of breathing from the top of our lungs only, with the result that not only do we take insufficient air into our bodies, but by and by the unused portions of our lungs wither and fall prey to disease—to the most dread of all diseases, the Great White Plague, Consumption.

Only last night a man told me that he had been examined yesterday for life insurance, and, although the medical examiner's list of questions was of formidable length, he asked not one of them after he had discovered that this man's chest expansion was over five inches. What did that mean?

It meant magnificent lung power, absolute evidence that the man's entire lungs were in health through much use, and that was all the physician needed to know. A man who was taking all that oxygen into his body couldn't be other than a safe "risk" for the insurance company.

CORRECT BREATHING

Now, in the matter of the importance of fresh air to beauty, I don't know, I'm sure, where to begin the enumeration of things that depend on it. Certainly no one can have a complexion worth mentioning who doesn't get lots of fresh air. And equally certain is it that no one can stand or sit or walk properly who does not throw back the shoulders and throw out the chest and hold up the head in the involuntary dignity of one who fills his lungs deeply at each breath. Indeed, there isn't any kind of beauty or health that anyone can have the fires of whose being are smoldering and sluggish.

If you wish to become a singer, the first thing you must learn is how to breathe; if you wish to become an athlete, the first thing you must learn is how to breathe; if you wish to become an actress, the first thing you must learn is how to breathe; if you have consumption or bronchitis or kindred

ailment and wish to be cured, the first thing you must learn is how to breathe; almost anything you may desire to do nowadays will bring you face to face at once with the demand that you learn how to breathe. And perhaps in no other thing desired of the human heart is correct breathing so all-essential as in health, which is beauty.

OPEN-AIR RECREATION

If you must work or live in crowded quarters where pure air is at a premium, then you must give yourself double pains to make up the deficiency in your leisure. Instead of going to a theater or a dance at night, after a day spent in store or office or any kind of house confinement, such as sewing or cooking or the like, you must contrive to take your pleasure in the open air—if you care anything about beauty. Once in a great while you may allow yourself an evening in a crowded room or hall, but you must know that every such allowance is so much beauty missed. Every minute in pure air is a “beauty” minute. But mind you: all outdoor air is not pure air, and you can be in very pure air and not get much of it if you breathe gingerly.

City air, vitiated by dust, coal gas, and a score

of other poisons, is not beauty-conducing. If you live in the city, or in the heart of a manufacturing town, you are not doing anything worth mentioning in the cause of beauty if you stroll around the corner to the house of a girl you know, and, arm in arm with her, stroll around the streets near home for an hour in the evening. Even a semi-educated nose and pair of lungs will tell you, as you leave town or city behind and proceed toward the country, where the "good air" begins. You owe it to yourself to go until you strike it; in these days of the omnipresent trolley threading the country, no one can complain of the difficulty of this. Certainly no girl in pursuit of beauty can complain that a five-cent ride beyond the confines of smoke and dust to where the air is pure and invigorating is too great a price to pay for beauty. If it is, if a girl who is more or less house-bound all day grudges this much of an effort for beauty, then she must rest content to be sallow and drooping and otherwise an embodiment of sluggishness.

If it is possible to be out of doors several hours of each day in the sunshine, or even in the rain that washes the air so sweet and leaves it as invigorating as an elixir, then a girl may feel more free about giving some of her evenings to indoor

pleasures. But always, in any case, the beauty-seeker will sleep in a room where the greatest amount possible of the freshest air obtainable is in circulation—stopping short only of draughts.

And when she is out in the fresh air, the beauty-girl will try to get as much of it into her lungs as she can—as she would if some one had told her every breath of it was worth a thousand dollars, and that she might have, as a fairy gift, all she could carry away in her body. Only, don't ever, ever, ever abuse the fairy gift by taking it in through the mouth. A wicked fairy who wished you immeasurable ill couldn't wreak her fell purpose more surely than by inducing you to take the good fairies' gift in the wrong way. Breathing through the mouth is one of the surest roads to disease, and it is no less surely a way to all kinds of disfigurement and unloveliness. The nostrils are constructed with wonderfully delicate care for the work of taking air into the lungs and aiding in expelling it. Nothing could exceed their efficiency in the discharge of this work, if they are given it to do; but alas! many, many persons disregard the fine fitness of the nostrils and breathe through their mouths. Have you ever waked of a morning and found your mouth hideously rough

and dry? It was because you had been sleeping with your mouth open and the constant suction of air had dried out the saliva. This practice, into which people fall unconsciously, is not only a terrible menace to health, but ugly in itself and destructive of teeth and other elements of beauty.

Breathe through the nose, breathe deeply, expanding the chest, if not all the time, at least now and then, to its fullest capacity, that the lung tissue and chest muscles may not forget how to do their work. And breathe as much air as you can get of the purest possible kind. Even if you didn't do another thing for yourself, you would find this a big step in the direction of beauty. But of course you're not going to stop here.

THE VOICE

While we're talking about breathing, however, I want to say a few words about the voice as a part of beauty, and its dependence on proper breathing. One of the most important departments of instruction in singing is what is known as "tone production." It is subject to exact rule, and is governed by the singer's control of his or her breath, muscles of the throat, etc. The speaking voice is subject to the same rules with regard to

tone production: the most perfect command of the voice comes only to those who draw breath deeply from the abdomen. Thin, squeaky, nasal, or "heady" tones are so common among American girls and women as to be a stock reproach among foreigners, who say that the American girl is pretty—till she opens her mouth. Anyone who is sensitive to harsh sound must wince many times a day at the loud, shrill feminine voices he hears all around him. Women seem to forget that no attribute of beauty has been more praised and celebrated than the "voice ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman," yet every now and then we read of some one's having fallen in love with the voice of a woman he'd never seen, not to mention all who fall in love with women they know as much on account of their soft tones as for any other reason. Now, proper breathing of good air will not, all unaided by any other thing, transform a raucous voice into one that's full of melody, but it is the first and most important step theretoward.

This isn't a thousandth part of what might be said about fresh air as beauty's first aid, but, after all, a word to the wise is sufficient. I might give you a score of directions about breathing exercises, but you'll need none of them if you'll only remem-

ber *why* you must get quantities of pure oxygen into your lungs; that you'll smolder if you don't, and, instead of lending a bright, glowing warmth to your world, you will fill it with choking, stifling smoke and gas. Don't deny yourself the admiration the world gives to what cheers and delights it, simply for lack of that air which will put you at your best.

CHAPTER II

THE CARE OF THE SKIN

OUR lungs carry off one-third of the waste of our bodies; the deadly carbonic-acid gas which they emit is like the smoke that belches from a chimney. But after the fuel whose combustion caused the smoke has rendered up its full quota of heat and energy, there still remains waste to be got rid of—ashes and “clinkers” and the soot that settles on everything. So, in our bodies, when the fuel we feed them has been made the most of by fresh air and digestion, there still remains the waste to be disposed of through the three eliminating agencies, the bowels, the kidneys, and the skin. So important are the offices of the skin that, to illustrate, some physicians once shaved a dog and then varnished him all over. Unable to exude through his pores the poisons that demanded such outlet, the poor dog died. It will not have died in vain if its story impresses on a single human being the horror of a like death, not quickly

from an application of shellac, but slowly from insufficient bathing.

IMPORTANCE OF BATHING

There have always been persons who believed that bathing was unhealthy, and who, somehow, thrived without it—or seemed to. But they probably lived a great deal in the open, exercised considerably, and, what with profuse perspiration and the friction of their clothing keeping their pores open, were able to keep alive, though on terms which make the even normally clean individual shudder.

It is estimated that the body has between two and three hundred thousand pores, any one of which will promptly resent being closed up, by defacing the skin. And an unwholesome skin is so fatal to beauty that there is nothing to compare with it in unforgivableness. It is positively of no avail to have the most perfect figure or features, the brightest eyes, or the whitest teeth, or the most silken hair, if one have a blotched, unsightly skin. It is possible to cover up other defects, but this assaults every passer-by with distaste and will not be hid.

SKIN DISEASES

There are terrible skin diseases which are inherited or otherwise acquired through no fault of one's own; some one else sinfully neglected the laws of cleanliness, and the penalty is visited through many generations. These are among the most stubborn enemies that physicians have to fight, and nothing can be said of them here except in sympathy for those who suffer from them. Exceeding sensitiveness almost always accompanies these disfiguring and distressing maladies, and God only knows how much anguish of mind such inflictions cost. Some terrible secret agony may be eating at a woman's vitals and yet she can summon courage to smile and keep silent and make only a charming impression on her world. But God pity the poor women with skin affection evident in their countenances, for not many persons will ever give them a chance to show what brave hearts and sweet natures may be belied by uncomeliness.

Aside, however, from such extreme forms of skin disorder as may be classed under the head of disease, there are many minor afflictions from which girls and women in particular suffer such pangs of mortification as to put these matters of

pimples and blackheads and freckles and enlarged pores, etc., well within the realm of tragedy. It is estimated that seventy per cent of the girls in America have cause to bemoan impaired complexions. This, of course, makes the afflicted girl the rule, by a very wide margin, and not the exception.

PREVENTION

Of course, the prime factor in the treatment of complexion is prevention; remedial efforts, no matter how strenuous, can never be more than partially satisfactory. But even in those cases where a wise mother tries her best to preserve the delicacy and purity of her daughter's complexion, how indefatigably will not the daughter work to circumvent her!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her "Chapters from a Life," tells how in her youthful days butter used to be considered the archenemy of the complexion, and how she was paid the handsome sum of three cents a week to abstain from the delicious country butter which graced her parental table, and how she always made haste to invest the three cents when it was paid her in the most indigestibly greasy tart that the village bakery afforded. I fear me that most of us could tell tales of like kind. I

know I could relate many a tragedy which ensued when, as for instance, I tried to remedy the effects of pickle-and-cream-puff lunches with a highly lauded (by the manufacturer!) complexion cream, to pay the unholy price of which I abstained from a necessary magnifying glass and so missed the induction I might have had into the charms of botany.

But this is trespassing on the domain of diet and the complexion, which shall be treated in another chapter.

Girls may not be as incorrigible as boys in their dislike of soap and water, but it can hardly be said that they render their mothers any very conscientious aid in the preservation of their complexions by cleanliness. It is girl nature, for one thing, to suffer spasms of neatness and goodness and other desirable qualities, and incalculable lapses in between. And it is hard to say whether the family suffers most from the occasional virtue or the habitual indifference. Occasional cleanliness is better than no cleanliness at all, but it is a poor road to beauty. I remember that once, when I was twelve or thereabout, I made out a list of "things to do," like brushing the teeth carefully, not perfunctorily, after each meal and before retiring,

giving my hair one hundred and seventy brush strokes each night, scrubbing my face with vigor to get the dirt out, et cetera, et cetera, and surely to impress these valuable resolutions on my memory I put the paper on which they were written in a locket and hung it round my neck. But bless me! they were as soon forgotten there as if they had been preserved in the remotest book on the library shelves. And that is the way it is with many a girl, I doubt not; she knows what she ought to do, but she gets tired, or some pleasant prospect distracts her, and she neglects the care due herself, and pretty soon she is inquiring round or writing to the magazines or newspapers for a "remedy." But in the case of the complexion, an ounce of prevention is worth about seventeen pounds of cure.

SIMPLE REMEDIES

The ounce of prevention is—so far as cleanliness concerns a perfect complexion—comprised in keeping the pores open, so pimples and blackheads will not come; in studying the nature of the skin and supplying it with an occasional treatment of oil (in the shape of cold cream) if it is thin and inclined to dry out, chap, etc., or bathing it with

diluted alcohol if it is inclined to be too oily; in keeping the flesh firm by dashing it with cold water after each thorough washing with soap and hot water, and rubbing it dry with a medium-soft towel; and in protecting it from undue exposure to strong, cutting wind or burning sun. Women who live in climates where the air is more or less continually moist almost always have fine complexions, but if one live in a section of country swept by dry, hot winds or in altitudes like those of Colorado, where the extreme dryness tends to make the skin like parchment, nature's deficiency must be made up somehow. Many persons suffer because they drink far too little water, and the moisture that should exude through the pores to the extent of two or three pints a day is so reduced in quantity and in dilution that what does come is so acid as to be most irritating to the skin and so insufficient as to deprive it of one of its best beautifiers. At least six large tumblerfuls of good pure water should be drunk each day, preferably on arising, between meals, and before retiring. Plenty of water, inside and outside, plenty of fine, fresh air, a sensible diet, abundant exercise, and large doses of "beauty sleep" are the essentials if one would keep a good complexion. If, however,

damage has already been done to the complexion, here are some of the simple home remedies:

PIMPLES

Pimples are one of the major troubles of woman-kind. They come from disordered blood, due to wrong diet, insufficient air, etc., and to clogged pores, which is a polite way of saying, to dirt. The attack on pimples should be from two points and equally vigorous from each. The blood must be purified, beginning with the liver (see chapter on Diet and Digestion) and with liberal doses of fresh air, and the skin must be cleansed and kept clean. The way to wash the face is to use soft water, if possible; if not, soften hard water by putting into a basinful a few drops (very few!) of ammonia, or a tiny pinch of borax, or a dozen drops of tincture of benzoin. Wash the hands carefully before beginning to wash the face, then fix clean water, which should be as warm as one can comfortably bear it, and begin on the face. Be very careful what soap you use; many cheap soaps contain so much alkali that they are exceedingly injurious to a tender skin, and the fact that a soap is scented is no guarantee of its quality. Soaps made from a vegetable oil are better for the skin than soaps

made from animal fat; therefore, choose if possible a good white castile or olive-oil soap. Use a rough washcloth and a fine camel's-hair face brush. Soap the rag and wash the face with it as thoroughly as possible, then apply the soft brush vigorously, stimulating circulation and opening the pores.

Perhaps as good a way as any other to illustrate what the pores are like is to say that they are like the cells in honeycomb; viewed one way, the skin seems like an ingeniously contrived receptacle for dirt. The dirt which overlays the surface of the skin can be wiped off with a washcloth, but the dirt that clogs these thousands of tiniest pores must be scrubbed away with heroic vigor, for this is the dirt that brings blemishes.

BLACKHEADS

A "blackhead" is a pore which is full of grease and dirt that have grown hard from long standing. Most women who suffer mortification from blackheads would be highly indignant if anyone told them that it is because they don't keep their faces clean; yet that is the simple truth. Several kinds of neglect may share in the making of a pimple, but a blackhead owes its existence to

nothing in the world but halfway measures in cleansing. Some women make the sad mistake of trying to steam the face to soften blackheads. *Never* do this; you will destroy the natural oils of the skin and cause it to dry out and wither long before its time. Instead, when washing the face at night apply hot cloths to it, renewing constantly by wringing freshly out of very hot water every half minute or so, as they cool. Then scrub the face vigorously to release all possible dirt, and after wiping it perfectly dry, massage with a good cold cream. A few such treatments on successive nights before retiring ought to soften the blackheads so that they will yield to gentle pressure. Never attack them with the finger nails, however, or with anything metallic; use only the ball of the thumbs in pinching the skin around the blackheads. Even this will cause a temporary redness, so it is best never to attempt the removal of the little nuisances except when some time is to intervene before one makes a public appearance. Also, it is not good for the skin to subject it to this vigorous treatment with brush and hot water except at a time when it will not soon be exposed to wind or cold. If very hot water is used in bathing the face before one goes out, the pores thus thrown open

should be contracted by dashing the face with chilling water until the flesh is firm and hard.

LOTION FOR BLACKHEADS

That eminently careful specialist in "beauty through hygiene," Dr. Emma Walker, gives a good lotion for obstinate blackheads which will not yield to the foregoing treatment. It is: Carbonate of magnesia and zinc oxide, each one dram; rose water, four ounces. Shake this mixture, mop the affected spots with it, press out the blackheads, and then apply cold cream. It is well to use this lotion after washing the face with hot water. Green soap, a pure vegetable soap which can be bought at any good druggist's and is an excellent thing for shampooing also, is good for softening blackheads. It usually comes in small jars or wide-mouthed bottles, and is of a consistency rather stiffer than vaseline, which it resembles save in color.

REMEDIES FOR PIMPLES

Sulphur is an old-fashioned remedy for pimples, but there is none better. The immemorial dose of sulphur and molasses is for the purification of the blood, and in external applications sulphur

is the chief ingredient in nearly all good pimple lotions. Dr. Walker gives: Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces. Apply several times a day. Another good lotion is: Lanolin, five grams; sweet almond oil, five grams; precipitate of sulphur, five grams; oxide of zinc, two and a half grams; extract of violet, ten drops. Ten grains of corrosive sublimate (a deadly poison which may be used only in minutest quantities) in a pint of distilled water may be kept on hand and applied to the pimples occasionally with a camel's-hair brush. Carbolic soap, too, is excellent for them. And if the case be severe and chronic, one hundred and twenty grams of pure glycerin mixed with fifteen grams of resorcin may be applied with a feather night and morning.

Local applications will suffice neither to remove pimples nor to keep them away; they must be supplemented by strict attention to the condition of the blood. But persistent cleansing, as directed, and such soothing remedies as the above, will do their part in removing the unsightly blemishes.

FRECKLES

Freckles are not on the surface, but just under it. The outside layer of what we call the skin is properly known as the cuticle. It is composed of tiny scales which are laid all over the body like shingles on a roof. These scales are constantly rubbing off and as constantly being replaced. They are the armor of protection which keeps our extraordinarily sensitive skin from the agony of too much sensation. When you have burned yourself, and raised a water blister, it is the cuticle that lifts up; when the blister breaks the "real skin" is exposed, and we all know how painful it is. That is what we should suffer all the time if we had no cuticle. Well, immediately beneath the cuticle are the little cells containing pigment or coloring matter. The sensitiveness of these to the sun's rays differs in different people: some freckle, some tan, some are little inclined to do either. You cannot change the degree of susceptibility to the sun which naturally resides in your pigment cells; if you freckle, you freckle, but freckles can be removed, and care can be taken to guard against the exposure which brings them.

CURES FOR FRECKLES

To remove freckles you must remove the cuticle—usually in the person who freckles exceptionally thin—which covers them. Lemon juice and glycerin is good for this. If glycerin irritates your skin, dilute it with water, and if half and half of lemon juice and pure or diluted glycerin is too acid, decrease the proportion of lemon. Also, a freshly cut slice of lemon rubbed directly on the face is good; let the juice dry on the face and it will eat away the scales of cuticle, after which you can apply a lotion of a dram of ammonium chloride to four ounces of distilled water. Elder-flower soap, well scrubbed in, will often take freckles away. So will a mixture of three parts glycerin and one part tincture of iodine. For more stubborn cases use: Bichloride of mercury, six grains; alcohol, one ounce; glycerin, one ounce; oil of lavender, ten drops. Or, lactic acid, four ounces; glycerin, two ounces; rose water, one ounce. Either of these lotions will smart, but no serious irritation will follow. Bathing the face in buttermilk is also good for freckles. Eternal vigilance is the price of a clear skin if that skin has a tendency to freckle; no wise woman will sit indoors for fear

of freckling, so there is nothing for her to do but be as careful as she can to avoid unnecessary exposure to the sun, such as going without a hat or wearing only a thin veil, and go cheerfully about remedying what will happen in spite of all her caution.

MOLES AND MOTH PATCHES

Moles are little freaks of pigmentation which, instead of owing their origin to the sun, as freckles do, are congenital or present from birth. Sometimes hair grows from them, sometimes they are like permanent freckles, no bigger, no more upstanding. In any case, they are not to be tampered with. A physician who has made a specialty of the skin may be able to suggest certain remedies or treatment for certain moles, but no inexperienced hand should ever touch them, as the very gravest dangers may follow.

Moth patches are also pigmentary deposits, but they may be treated. Colorless iodine is good for them, but must be very carefully applied so as not to harm the pigment cells in the unblemished skin around the patches.

TAN AND SUNBURN

Tan and sunburn are like "freckles all over," a general instead of a peppered affection of the coloring cells. A wash of one pint of rose water, one-half ounce of pulverized borax, and one ounce of strained lemon juice is excellent for either. Cold cream soothes the irritated skin and helps to keep it from peeling. If it persists in peeling to a painful degree, try the following: Chloride of ammonia, two drams; spirits of wine, two ounces; Venetian talc, one ounce; rose water, one pint. For an oily skin, which seems to "fry" in its own fat and burn excruciatingly, try a wash made of thirty grams of alcohol, thirty grams of tincture of benzoin, and thirty grams of strong white wine vinegar. This cannot be used to advantage immediately after compounding, but should stand for a week after mixing and then be strained. A stubborn case of tan may not yield to any of the foregoing remedies, in which event take an ounce of strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, the whites of two eggs, and enough powdered oatmeal to thicken the whole to the consistency of a smooth paste; rub the affected skin surface with this and let it stay on for an hour or longer.

CHAPPED SKIN

Chapped skin is the winter's bane as burnt skin is the summer's. To prevent chapped skin, do not go into the cold, outdoor air immediately after washing the face unless you have followed the washing with warm water with a vigorous dashing with cold water and have then rubbed the skin absolutely dry with a towel. Also, do not wear a veil which will catch the moisture of your breath and freeze, sticking to your face and causing certain irritation. Wear instead a veil of white chiffon gathered on the hat in such a way as to hang quite free of the face by several inches. This will serve as a wind-break, and if it freezes will not come close enough to the skin to do it damage. Automobiling has taught women a lot about the adjustment of protection veils, which cannot be put on without gathers top and bottom in the front. A white chiffon veil, two to three yards long, may cost more in the beginning than half a dozen little wisps of dotted tissue, but it is much cheaper in the long run, for it will stand almost as many washings as a tablecloth and never look a bit the worse therefor. It is, too, a very effectual protection, and quite the safest

"I say so, too," he exclaimed, and laughed. Sometimes wrinkles come from too much laughing as well as from too much worrying, but in the former case they're pleasanter to look at. Wrinkles are the record of thousands of emotions to which we've given facial expression.

CAUSE OF WRINKLES

Perfectly healthy skin has great elasticity, and after having been strained or pulled in any direction tends to resume its natural shape with no more difficulty than any other elastic surface offers to pressure. But few skins are healthy, and just as the first thing that happens to your general demeanor when you're not perfectly well is that your step loses its spring and buoyancy, so, when your skin is below par, the elasticity goes out of it and every wrinkling you give your countenance, in worry or anger or any other emotion, leaves its trace. So, to prevent wrinkles, keep the skin as firm and healthy as possible, and try to save your facial emotion for occasions when you need it and when it will be appreciated. Don't sit and sew or read with wrinkled brows; don't let the scowl between your eyes deepen because your eyes are suffering from a glare or an inadequate light; don't

acquire a parchment throat by wearing a collar so tight as to impede circulation; don't get headache crows-feet for lack of fresh air and exercise and care of your digestion. If, however, the wrinkles are there, struggle with them. Stop doing the things that put them there! And then, by way of eradicating what mischief's already done, try liberal treatments of the cold cream above mentioned. It will fatten up the "poor," tired skin and help to restore it to its lost elasticity.

MASSAGE

Skillful massage is very effective, but the amateur cannot accomplish anything at it, for the proper use of it requires a long course of study of the facial muscles and the dexterity of much practice in the use of the manipulating fingers. Electric massage is given in some of the great metropolitan establishments for the care of the skin, hair, etc. But it is best never to essay any of these things unless you are absolutely sure of your masseuse. Wrong treatment can easily do more harm than all the right treatment in the world can undo. There are any number of fakers to-day who advertise to "remove wrinkles in ten minutes by our painless method." They illustrate their advertise-

ments by photographs of patients "before and after," photographs which make the worldly-wise smile, for they are examples of nothing in the world but photographic retouching. What happens to the guileless fools who trust themselves to these unscrupulous fakers, I am sure I don't know, but I feel very certain that they come out much worse-looking than they went in. On the whole, the one great cure for wrinkles is good circulation of pure blood to feed the impoverished skin from within, and plenty of cleansing and rubbing to help it from without, and, most of all, serene, steady nerves. There is no quack road to the loss of wrinkles. Everything that makes for health and happiness will help to eradicate the wrinkles that came from nervousness and the abuse of health. Try peace of mind for a wrinkle cure. It may sound like cheap advice, but if you went to a Parisian "beauty doctor" and paid a thousand dollars for a month's "repairs," peace of mind would be the first and most important thing he'd order you to get.

FLORID COMPLEXION, RED NOSE, ETC.

The florid complexion is due of course to the presence of an excess of blood in the face. A good

many things will cause this temporarily, and a continuation of these things into habit will make the flush chronic. Very hot soup or beverages will usually cause the face to flush; any alcoholic stimulant is almost certain to have this effect; tight collars, gloves, or corsets will send a rush of blood to the face; exposure to wind and weather will oftentimes make the skin of the face take on a ruddier hue than is desired—a red that is akin not to sunburn but to overcharged blood vessels; and, lastly, there is the purplish hue of erysipelas or other blood disorder.

The nose reddens for similar reasons. Needless to say, the first thing to do is to seek the particular reason, and the next thing to do is to remove it if possible. No local applications are worth a penny; the seat of the trouble must be attacked. Tight gloves have caused nearly as many red noses as tippling. Remember that trouble of this sort has nothing to do with the cuticle or pigment cells; that it comes from some defect in the circulation of the blood; if you keep the blood out of one place, it has got to force itself into another; if you overstimulate the circulation, it will be sure to hang a flaming danger signal in the very place where you least desire it.

PERSPIRATION

Perspiration may cause you a little trouble now and then, but you may comfort yourself with the reminder that if you didn't perspire you'd die. Reaching up through the various layers of the skin to the surface, each of them in itself of infinitesimal length, are enough sweat glands to extend, if placed end to end, a distance of eighty miles. Through these myriad glands or tubes is continually passing off all the liquid waste of the body which is not passed by the kidneys. It is possible for these glands, on occasion, to exude two or three pints of moisture in a single hour, though more ordinarily this is a sufficient allowance for twenty-four hours. But think even of that! Five or six cupfuls of liquid oozing thus every day, much of it quite imperceptibly. If the air is cool and dry enough to allow easy evaporation, no discomfort is caused; but in hot, muggy weather, when the sweat stands in beads on the surface of the skin and has to be wiped off, we notice the amount of it and marvel. Of course, in hot weather we incline to drink more, and so have more moisture to dispose of, but even in the middle of winter, perspiration is going on, all over our bodies, almost as actively as in the

dog days. The difference is, we don't pay much attention to it when it evaporates easily.

EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

A reasonable amount of perspiration is not only essential to health but beautifying to the skin, the acid contained in the sweat being nature's own bleach. Often, however, the perspiration is so excessive as to be a serious distress, or so odorous as to cause mortification. The odor may be caused by some "strong" food, like garlic or onions; or it may partake of some occupation in which the body, having breathed in air peculiarly tainted, will infallibly give it out again; turpentine, tar, sulphur, and many other things will tend to odorize the body's excretions. If the occupation which produces this odor is perpetual, there is, of course, nothing to be done about it, though salt bathing is said to have effect in some cases, and bay rum is excellent for all troubles caused by perspiration. Excessive perspiration sometimes assumes the proportions of a malady, probably due to the fact that at some time or other the kidneys have not been carrying off their share of moisture, and the sweat glands, being overworked for a while, learned bad habits which are not easily corrected. A little

tannic acid, eight grains to four ounces of bay rum will help to correct excessive sweating; and an eminent skin specialist recommends for the same purpose a tea of white-oak bark, and for the correction of odor, a wash containing an ounce of hydrate of chloral to a pint of water.

BATHING

A good many persons think of dirt, in connection with their bodies, only as that which deposits itself on their skin from the outside, never as that which works itself off through their skin from the inside. Yet, as we said in the very beginning of this chapter, the skin is so important an eliminating agency that if we were totally deprived of its offices for a very brief space, even, we should die. In the matter of perspiration, only the liquid part of it is removable by evaporation, and always a residue remains. Then there is the constant replacing of the cuticle from underneath, new layers of the tiny scales always coming to take the place of the old ones which are, presumably, being bathed and rubbed away. In addition to these, there is the accumulation of dust and dirt which has stuck to the skin and lodged in the tens of thousands of pores. All told, this is a good deal to get rid of,

and needless to say it should be got rid of often, not for comfort alone but for health, not for the æsthetic pleasure of scrupulous cleanliness but in the interests of plain, common, everyday decency. Not counting the great multitude of those who bathe so seldom that they cannot be said to have any bathing habits, there are three other classes: those who feel quite satisfied with a weekly scrubbing on Saturday night, those who have learned better but so recently that they still feel obliged to refer quite frequently to the fact that they bathe daily, and those who regard the daily bath as so inseparable from the routine of a self-respecting person that they are hardly aware there is any other course possible. It is often quite amusing to persons of this last class to note the evident anxiety of the second class to be known for their much-bathing. So common has this become that it seems worth mention in these pages: don't talk about your bathing, unless absolute necessity arise; take it for granted that no one will ever suspect you of less than a bath a day.

THE DAILY BATH

Now about that daily bath: Some persons have a favorite way of bathing which so refreshes and

invigorates them that they persist in recommending it broadcast. Don't do this, and don't let anyone do it to you. You can't shut off unasked advice, but you can neglect to take any of it. Don't, because some one tells you that an icy plunge in the morning makes her feel exuberantly well all day, treat yourself to an icy plunge next morning; you may give yourself a severe chill. And don't, if some one tells you that a very hot bath taken half an hour before going out never does her any harm, take for granted that you can do likewise and escape a bad cold. Each individual has to make separate experiments in the bath business, to determine for herself what is good for her. Ordinarily, a warm bath at night, with a liberal use of soap, is desirable, to remove the day's dirt and enable one to go to bed sweetly clean, and to promote drowsiness. But there are persons who find themselves excited after a warm bath and unable to sleep. If a warm bath be taken at night, a plunge in the morning is all that is necessary: just a quick dip into a tub full of water ranging from tepid to cold, as one has found suited to herself, and a very brisk rubbing with coarse bath towels. This cool or cold bath is by no means sufficient for cleansing, but is more of a tonic than anything else. If the

system will stand such extreme reaction as a cold plunge brings about, the after effect will be found most invigorating and an excellent armor against "taking cold." The way to take a cold bath is to get in and get out in the quickest possible time; never "edge in by degrees," but gather all your resolution before you take off your bath robe, then immerse your whole body in the quickest possible fraction of time, and spring out and begin rubbing with all the energy you have. In lieu of a morning plunge—which should be taken immediately on rising—a thorough "sponge bath" with tepid water and little or no soap is delightful. Never lather the body with a quantity of soap unless you are in a tub where you can have every facility for perfect rinsing, for soap left to dry in the openings of the pores is one of the worst irritants the skin can have and, in sufficient quantities, would be as fatal as the coat of shellac to the dog.

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

You have often heard persons say after their first Turkish or Russian bath that they felt as if they had never been clean before. The truth is, too many people seem to think that getting into a tub full of warm water and lazily soaking for a

few minutes, with a few furtive dabs with a soapy rag, then a quick drying by wrapping in fleecy towels which soak up the water, is worthy to be called a bath. Indeed, it is nothing of the sort. What happens in the Russian and Turkish baths is that the bathers are subjected to intense heat, either steam or hot air, which causes free perspiration and opens up the dirt-clogged pores. The accumulation of dirt which the vigorous bath attendants are able to scrub off never fails to astonish the novice in this kind of bathing. Those who understand bathing, however, get almost or altogether as satisfactory results in a home bathroom, and have none of the drawbacks which a public bath must always present to the fastidious. The chief thing to remember is that it takes a great deal of scrubbing and rubbing to get rid of dirt and leave the skin with that velvety feeling which makes the Turkish bath such a luxury—a great deal of scrubbing and a great deal of rinsing, with the rinse water gradually cooling until it is as cool as you can stand it without too much shock.

A portly volume might be written on the subject of baths and bathing, but if it were, how many of you would read it through? I shouldn't, I'm sure. It would be nice to consult, twice or thrice

in a lifetime, but, after all, what the average human being needs to know about keeping clean is not very complicated nor very much in extent. The main necessity is to get over the notion that the dirt to be removed is dirt that has "got on"; there may be more or less of this, but in either case it will be of secondary importance to the dirt that has "come out." There is no royal road to beauty except getting that dirt off, and keeping it off.

CHAPTER III

EXERCISE AND REST, CARRIAGE AND GRACE

THE idea of exercise as an aid to health and beauty is so new to women that few of them know how to embrace it without going to excess. They say it is a feminine failing to reason that if a little of anything is good, a lot of it must be a great deal better, and I've so often known women to act on this principle (indeed, have so often acted on it myself!) that I've never felt able to controvert the statement. Some one once told a girl I know that two drops of camphor on a lump of sugar would arrest a cold, if taken in the very early stages. The girl had a bad cold, and she wanted to go to a party and wear a low-cut gown, which her mother wouldn't allow on account of the cold. So the girl, anxious to be speedily cured, took a whole tablespoonful of camphor, which so depressed her heart action that she nearly died. A good many girls have taken exercise in much the same way, and the result has been either that

they have used up all their zeal in one tremendous spasm and then dropped into laziness and carelessness again, or that they have maintained their zeal to such excess that they have become mere sports in abbreviated petticoats, *sans* grace, *sans* gentleness, *sans* everything but muscle and tan.

THE OVER-ATHLETIC GIRL

A young person of this latter type once came to visit my next-door neighbors. There were two athletic young men in the family, but they were no match for her. She was up with the lark—her sleeves rolled far above her fiery-red elbows, her collarless blouse turned in to show an expanse of fiery-red neck—and swinging a tennis racket, was ready for the fray. When she had worn one young host out at tennis, she was ready for breakfast, and then to wear the other out at golf. After lunch she wanted to walk five miles and then go for a swim, and after dinner she yearned to go sailing or cycling; but everyone in the household was worn to a frazzle, so she sat on the porch and strummed a banjo and sang at the top of her husky lungs till bedtime. It was as if a whirlwind had struck the neighborhood; it was impossible not to be cognizant of her every minute. Her unrest

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drove her gentle hostess to despair, and after the visitation was over, one of the young men in the house was heard apostrophizing a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo thus: "Even in your day beauty and athletics were represented by different goddesses. Yes, and you had beaus galore, while Minerva was an old maid. Well, I don't wonder!"

It is a thousand pities that girls of the sort described should be extant, bringing hourly discredit on athletics for women. But no wise person will think the less of a beneficent idea because of the abuse to which it is subjected by a few freaks. The radical changes that have taken place within a few years have caused a good many women to lose their balance, but the changes are not to be decried for all that; some women in every community have allowed themselves to get so excited with the privileges of higher education, increased commercial opportunity, and greater personal liberty, that they have lost their heads and become unsexed creatures whom good men and good women equally repudiate, but there isn't an enlightened person living who would wish to go back to the old order of things therefor. We must learn how to act up to the new order—that's all. And every girl who by her excesses brings re-

proach on outdoor pleasures is as much a traitor to her sex as those girls are who so abuse the girl's new position in offices or her new possibilities in professional life as to make it harder for every other girl coming after her. The girl who can't play golf and tennis and take long country tramps and learn to sail a boat without getting loud and slangy and mannish and making "a holy show" of herself, ought to be suppressed by the nice, sweet, womanly girls of the community who love fresh air and exercise and the pleasures of athletic sport, and do not wish these things to be brought into disrepute by silly extremists.

In one of the most popular plays that have been put on the American stage in many a year, there is an excellent "take-off" of the type of girl who visited my neighbor. This girl is forever hatless in the sun, is forever talking sport and acting sporty; she lives in a small college town, and the boys think her "no end of a good fellow," but when the sweet, "frilly" girl comes along every boy goes off in her train and leaves the sunburned athletic girl perched on a fence, disconsolately swinging her feet and wondering why "such things be." They "be" because only a few girls have learned how to "go in for" healthful exercise and

still keep their dainty charm. There is no beauty in a hoiden, but you needn't think that because you disdain to be a hoiden there is nothing left for you but the hammock and the fireside and unending "fudge." There's no beauty to be had that way, either. Beauty is absolutely dependent on health, as we know, and health is as absolutely dependent on these things: fresh air and sunlight, cleanliness, exercise, and proper diet and digestion. The fresh air and exercise may be combined in one sweet dose, and on it will almost surely wait good digestion and faithful bathing, as well as beauty sleep, so it can be seen that we are treating here of a most important matter. Exercise has its bearing on every phase of health, but in particular its relation to beauty is a matter of grace. The pliant, agile form, the beautiful poise, the charming carriage—all these are the direct outgrowth of exercise, *proper* exercise!

THE GROTESQUE WALK

It is so true that I don't feel called on to argue the point, only to call your attention to it, that a very great number of our American girls are quite well enough to look at so long as they are perfectly still; the minute they open their mouths, as we said

in the first chapter, the charm of the majority is gone, and when they get up to walk—well, it's enough to make one shudder!

Every day I eat my luncheon in what is said to be the biggest dining room in the world—it is the length of a long city block and nearly as wide. The place is so well known that those who frequent it laughingly say if one will but go there regularly enough, in course of time he'll see all the rest of the human race pass by. Probably a thousand girls between the ages of sixteen and—well, say thirty—lunch there every day, and for years I've watched the steady stream of them pouring in and spreading in search of tables or of waiting friends. They are girls of all classes, from the better-paid office and shop employees to the wealthiest butterflyes of fashion whose pictures are part of the stock in trade of the society editors, and whose doings are heralded to the envy and eager interest of half the girl world. It's as good as any show to watch these girls come in, but it's a sad show, for scarcely one in a thousand of them has any grace. The "hunched-up" girls who've never gone in for any kind of exercise are bad enough, but there's something pathetic about their gracelessness. The girls with what is called "the golf

walk" and the athletic air do not elicit any pity; nothing but a gale of hilarity is possible in their presence. Time and time again I've seen men and women of many sorts, from the jocosely grinning to the staidly aristocratic, stand and look with startled countenances after some strutting girl who doubtless fancied she had the populace spellbound with admiration. The spellbinding was there all right; but the admiration! If only the poor, silly girl could have known what was thought of her!

ATHLETICS AS A MEANS TO AN END

It is commonly said that the girls who make abominable spectacles of themselves with these grotesque walks and other *gaucheries*, are the very girls who never owned a golf club or tennis racket and who acquired their tan by promenading the main street of their town or city with their collars turned in and their sleeves rolled up. I'm sure that some of the offenders are shams of this sort, but I'm afraid not all of them are. Witness my neighbor's strident guest, for an instance! The thing to remember about athletics is that they are a means to an end, and that end is the enjoyment of health and comeliness. The mistake comes in getting so excited about them that they dominate

life; this is just as vulgar as the mistake of talking and thinking too much about money, or the mistake of overestimating education or travel, or the mistake mentioned in our second chapter of having too much to say about bathing. People who have always had money and the advantages of education and travel, and who have always bathed quite as habitually as they ate, take all these things so much for granted that they are never tempted to lose their balance over any of them. So, one of these days when it shall be possible for women to have inherited athletic culture as well as mental culture, the true lady will go as quietly and inevitably about the matter of her exercise as she goes about the matter of bathing or sleeping, and will no more think of neglecting one than the other.

AMOUNT OF EXERCISE NECESSARY

Some scientist with a taste for figures—as what scientist has not?—has computed that nine miles a day is the amount the average individual should walk or make up in equivalent exercise. Nine miles a day in the open is not possible to everyone in these days when livings must be earned and houses must be kept, and so on, but the equivalent may be managed by nearly anyone with

a will; where there's a will there's a way, in this matter as in others.

Let us consider first what a girl or woman can do who must be house-bound nearly all day, either in office, shop, or factory, or in the home. In the latter case, unless great part of her occupation be sewing, she can get all the health-developing, grace-producing exercise she needs in housework, if she goes properly about it. Sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, bed-making, even washing and ironing, are beauty exercises beyond compare if rightly pursued. You smile disdain, you who have these things to do, but you needn't. Many and many a woman who has walked languidly out and left her house to the care of servants has gone to some fashionable city institute for athletic instruction and been set to sawing wood, and then told to go home and shake rugs and scrub floors—and has paid dollars galore for the "instruction." But though these women may have felt cheated, they had no right to feel so, for it is worth something to be told authoritatively that the thing you desire is so easily to be had, and it is a great thing to be told how to get it.

HOUSEWORK THE BEST EXERCISE

An Indian squaw who falls ill or meets with injury on the forest trail can find her own remedy among the herbs by the trail side, but a white woman might die unaided for lack of knowledge how to make the common things about her save her life. So it is with many of us and the life-saving things that surround us, in common with all the world; some know how to use them, and some don't. The pity is that savage women, so called, seem to know more of the art of preserving life than civilized women know; they know so much about fresh air and labor and some other things, that not even the filth in which they live and the awful things they eat can conspire to kill them. We keep cleaner and eat things a little less awful, but we are hardly able to strike a balance with the savages, principally because we don't do our work in the open. Now, a woman can get excellent development for her back, her arms, and her chest out of sweeping, but if she "hunches" over her broom in an ill-ventilated room, working in jerks of disgust at her homely task and breathing in clouds of the dirt she raises, of course she'll get nothing from it but a tired back and a desire for a carpet

sweeper. But suppose she were wearing a natty blue-serge gymnasium suit with a "perky" little bandanna tied over her hair for protection, her feet gripping the ground firmly in heelless gymnasium shoes; suppose the windows open wide and half a dozen women similarly attired, each furnished with a broom, sweeping majestically to the slow rhythm of a popular two-step played on the piano in an adjoining room. Wouldn't those women go home to lunch and declare they'd had an elegant time and felt "ten years younger"? Well, there's something in the pleasure of company, and something in the delight of movement to music, but there's a good deal, too, in one's own mental attitude toward a thing. If it's a hateful "chore," why, perhaps, even abundant fresh air and a proper posture wouldn't help anyone to beauty by sweeping, but if a girl who has to sweep would try to remember how she "played pretend" a few years ago when her braids were long and her skirts were short, she could help herself a whole lot. Of course you can't sweep in a gymnasium suit, but you can be sure that your working dress is loose and comfortable, as well as neat and trim, and that you wear broad-soled, flat-heeled slippers or shoes, instead of mincing about in slip-

pers with high heels; of course you can't hire a pianist to play the accompaniment to your sweeping, but you can hum a brisk marching sort of tune from one of the newest light operas, and sweep in rhythm with it; and if you do these things, and have the windows wide open, and stand erect with your shoulders well back and your feet firmly planted, you can pretend you are a fashionable beauty going through training in some high-priced institute, and get the carpet just as clean as if you had hunched and grumbled over it. Try to breathe as deeply as you can when sweeping, and be sure to change the broom quite regularly from one side to the other.

CORRECT POSITION AND CHEERFULNESS IN WORK

The great thing to remember in housework is to keep the back as straight as possible; if you are standing to iron, or to wash dishes or prepare food, stand as erect as you possibly can, with the abdomen held in, the shoulders thrown back, and the chest rising and falling rhythmically to the measure of deep-drawn breaths. Let in all the sunshine and fresh air you can, and whatever you do, go sunnily about the work, remembering that every fret is an ugly wrinkle. A great deal of

tommy-rot has been written and talked about women being "chained to the galleys" as household drudges, and a good many of the women who do the bulk of this talking leave their homes to be tended in some fashion by slatternly, dispirited servants, while they themselves go in quest of "that beauty which is every woman's right" at some gymnasium where the best the director can do for them is to teach them some substitute for the natural exercises of housework. Not many women in this country, for instance, have to saw and split their own cord wood, but nothing is more common than for women who have money to spend at a beauty specialist's to be set to work at a saw-buck; and when they pay for the fun of chopping wood, they are proud of it, but when they could get as much benefit at home in the discharge of their housekeeping duties they call it "slavery" and fret themselves hideous.

What to do to get fatter or thinner by exercise we shall tell in another chapter. This chapter is to emphasize the importance of exercise to health and grace.

SITTING, STANDING, WALKING

The way to sit, the way to stand, the way to walk—all these are proper studies of the girl who would be graceful, and as they are a fundamental part of all exercise, we shall consider them here.

The way to stand is to hold the chest high, the chin and abdomen in, and to plant the feet firmly, having them a little apart. If the chest is out and the chin and abdomen are in, the back and shoulders will take care of themselves. It is said that a good, simple test of correct standing is to pass a hand over the back and shoulders of the person desiring the test; if the shoulder blades can be felt, she is not standing right.

The way to sit is best described by the way not to sit: Do not sit on your spine; I have actually seen people who seemed to sit on the middle of their backbones, so slouching was their attitude. Watch yourself carefully and note how you sit; if you find that you are getting round-shouldered, or that one shoulder is getting higher than the other, apply all your attention to the correction of this bad habit, which, if persisted in, will inevitably deform you past any help. Nobody expects that you will always sit as erect as if you had swallowed

a ramrod, but somewhere between that rigid extreme and the excessive lolling and sprawling and drooping that so many girls fall into when they are growing, and never shake themselves out of, there must be a happy medium which you can command for yourself if you really desire elegance and grace.

In walking, the correct posture is much the same as in standing: chest held high, chin and abdomen in. The legs should swing from the hips, not bend mainly from the knees, and the trunk should sway a very little, in contrary action to the legs. The arms should not be held stiffly, but great care must be taken that they do not swing; a more ungainly object than a girl propelling herself, seemingly, with an arm working like a walking beam, is hard to imagine. The weight in standing should rest on the ball of the foot, not on the heel, and in walking the step should be taken from the ball of the foot, giving that springiness which adds so much to grace. It is the common criticism of our American women that they do not know how to walk. One reason is that so few of them wear proper shoes, and nothing but a mincing wobble can be possible to a woman who stumbles along on stilts which throw her whole body out of plumb.

We shall have more to say of high heels in the chapter on the care of the feet, but there is no place in a discussion of beauty where it is not in order to protest against them. Girls who wear them seem to think that men like them, but I never yet heard of a man who did not deplore them more or less heartily, and I have often heard men say that they would never marry a woman who wore high heels, no matter what her charms in other ways. Shoe clerks who sell silly shoes to silly girls almost invariably express their disgust to the next sensible customer on whom they wait, doctors decry, parents plead, but all in vain, the excruciating totter-totter goes on in lieu of that poetry of motion expressed in a graceful walk. High heels, heavy hats, tight collars, uncomfortable corsets, all tend to spoil a woman's walk; you can't walk beautifully unless you are absolutely comfortable. And until you have been absolutely comfortable, and known the pleasure of a fine, brisk walk, untrammelled, unencumbered, in the fresh air, you have lived in ignorance of a delight that is hard to beat.

GOLF

Of course, walking is the chief benefit of golf, though something is derivable from the swinging

of the arms in a good "stroke." There is, however, a vast deal of walking to a minimum of arm swinging—unless one is a very, very bad player and takes a truly terrible number of plays to a hole—and, good fun as the little white ball provides, one can have all the advantages of golf without the expense of club dues, outfit, caddy hire, etc., if she will do as much walking in the fresh air as twice around a nine-hole course would involve. This is not to say that golf is not a delightful game, but only to comfort you if perchance it be beyond your means or beyond your leisure.

TENNIS

Tennis is a much more violent form of exercise, and affords development to practically every muscle in the body. It makes for agility and grace, trains in quickness and precision, and is altogether excellent if not overdone. Three sets of tennis a day, every day that the weather permits, will do more, however, for beauty than nine sets one day and none at all for the rest of the week. Over-indulgence in violent exercise does harm, not good; it is the regularity that counts. Be very careful when profuse perspiration ensues—as it almost certainly will—not to cool off too quickly. Also,

do not drink too freely of very cold drinks, and do not neglect to bathe as soon afterwards as convenient.

SWIMMING

Swimming develops the muscles of the arms, legs, back, and chest, and is fine for straightening round shoulders and for correcting faults of carriage which come from a weak back. The lungs also benefit by swimming, as the necessity for deep breathing is imperative. Things to remember are: never to swim sooner than an hour and a half after eating, never to stay in the water when you feel cold or tired. As in all things else, too much is worse than none at all. A short, vigorous swim about ten o'clock in the morning or three in the afternoon, with a brisk run on the beach afterwards, and a brisker rubbing before dressing, is worth infinitely more than the two or three hours in the water which many girls allow themselves, under the impression that they are taking on health wholesale.

ROWING, RIDING, AND SKATING

Rowing is an ideal exercise in which, unfortunately, not many girls can indulge except occasion-

ally. In rowing, sit with the back rigid and let the swing come from the hips, which will help wonderfully the grace of your walk, as well as give you the best results in rowing.

Horseback riding is a great cure for all liver troubles and for the "blues" which accompany them. There is something in the jolting motion to which the torpid digestive system responds as to nothing else.

Skating is even better than dancing as a means of cultivating grace, and has over dancing the infinite advantage of being an exercise indulged in in the crisp open air. Roller skating in a crowded rink is next to no exercise at all; it is on the ice in winter that the flush of health comes to the cheeks and the sparkle of pure spirits to the eye.

Indoor exercise, apart from what we have already said of it under the heading of housework, we shall treat of in the chapter on Fatness and Thinness, for most of the indoor exercises are designed either to reduce flesh or to put it on or to equalize its distribution.

CHAPTER IV

DIET AND DIGESTION IN THEIR RELATION TO BEAUTY

“**Y**OU may preach to women about exercise, and they’ll take it,” said a weary medical practitioner the other day, “and you may preach to them about bathing, and they’ll heed what you say. But it seems to be useless to say a word to them about what they eat, for there’s not one woman in a thousand, apparently, who has strength of mind enough to resist a toothsome thing even though she knows it’ll all but kill her. The marvel of it, too, is that not even their vanity is stronger than their appetites. I don’t suppose I’ve ever spent a social evening in the course of which refreshments were served, that some woman didn’t say, ‘Well, this coffee will keep me awake all night, but I’m going to drink it anyway, it’s so good.’ And drink it she does, and lies awake as she knew she would, and drags around next day, fagged and sallow, with dark rings beneath her eyes and no snap to her anywhere except in her temper. You’d

think any woman with a thimbleful of brains would care more for her good looks, if not for her usefulness in the world and her agreeableness to her friends and family, than for a cup of coffee at midnight. But either the majority must have less brains than a thimbleful, or else their appetites must hold them in a most miserable bondage."

Now, this tirade was too sadly true to controvert. It reminded me of "the morning after" a night on which I had attended five functions between five o'clock and one, and eaten chicken salad and ice cream at all of them—not because I wanted it, dear knows, but because some one got it for me and urged me to eat, and it was easier (at the moment) to eat than to refuse. The next day I vowed I would never again express myself harshly about drunkenness, for I didn't believe intemperance in the use of liquor could possibly be a greater weakness or bring meaner consequences than intemperance in the consumption of salad and ice cream.

CRIMES AGAINST THE STOMACH

Not until your attention has been directed to it do you realize how character seems to fail the strongest people when it comes to a question of

their stomachs. In these days it can hardly be argued in extenuation of anyone of ordinary intelligence that he doesn't know any better. We all know pretty well what's right and what isn't, and we all, or nearly all, do the wrong things with more or less compunctions but with only less and least power to forbear. To do us justice, it isn't always because our appetites are stronger than our good sense that we commit crimes against our stomachs, but often because we don't wish to give offense or to seem peculiar. When you go out to spend an evening playing whist, and at eleven o'clock your kind-hearted but ill-advised hostess urges you to a table spread with salad of canned shrimps and chocolate with whipped cream, Heaven knows you don't want to eat the nightmare-inducing mess, but perhaps you know she's been busy for half an hour preparing the little "spread," perhaps there are only three or four of you, and when one guest declines to partake you note the distress in the poor woman's eyes, and rather than add to it you eat as bravely as you can the heaping plate she prepares for you, and lie awake all night and are unfit for anything the next day. Well, kindness is one of the loveliest flowers in the world, and sometimes one thinks it isn't overcultivated. It is one of the

phases of that charity which is said to cover a multitude of sins, but the pity is that whereas Heaven is forgiving, the stomach is not, and the disorders earned by kindness are just as hard to bear as those that are earned by gluttony.

A dentist once remarked to me that there are two prime considerations influencing men and women in the care of their bodies: the men don't want to suffer pain, and the women don't want to be ill-looking. "A man," said he, "will let his teeth go, regardless of how bad they look, until they begin to pain him. Then, if the pain of enduring them promises to be worse than the pain of having them cured, he seeks a dentist. A woman nearly always wants her teeth to look nice and will bear any pain to that end."

The dentist didn't continue, but I thought on along that same line, reflecting that in other matters of health a man will call a halt on wrong practices when the suffering they entail is harder than the struggle to give them up, and a woman will stop short when she finds not her comfort but her good looks in jeopardy. The sad part of it is, though, that neither men nor women stop in time. When a man devoted to high living gets acute gout or dyspepsia, he hastily retreats on a diet of

clam broth, but he doesn't stop until it is too late. When a woman finds that late suppers of rich food are making her sallow and hollow-eyed and prematurely aged, she changes over in feverish haste to simple fare and a cup of warm milk before retiring, but it takes a long, weary while to undo even partially the results she so deplures. Why don't all the men who dread dyspepsia and all the women who dread bilious ugliness get together before it is too late and declare themselves as unitedly against all combinations of salad and ice cream, all midnight orgies of Welsh rabbit and coffee, all assaults whatsoever on their inner peace and outer attractiveness?

ATTRACTIVE HYGIENIC SUPPERS

Why couldn't a pretty, charming woman in any community organize a delightful club on the basis of sane eating? Think how all the pretty women would delight to belong—and in that case how all the desirable men would hasten to join too! There would be no need to abandon the pretty custom of offering refreshment to one's guests, or the pleasure of gathering them around a table where conversation always flows brightest and best; but a half of a grape fruit, thoroughly chilled and dressed with

a maraschino cherry and a spoonful of sherry or some cordial, would go better, with a few fresh lady-fingers or a slice of sponge cake, on a hot night, than the shrimp salad and coffee; or a cold cup custard, velvety smooth, might be served, or ice cream, with a light, spongy cake, or fruit sherbets with nice sweet crackers, or a bowl of eggnog, seasoned with sherry or brandy or with merely a dash of grated nutmeg. There are plenty of good things, dainty things, which the ordinary stomach may take before bedtime with no harm, but often with positive good effect. In cold weather hot chocolate is always acceptable, and it is beautifully soothing and nourishing; so is a steaming, savory oyster stew made of rich milk or, better, of milk and cream, as much of the latter as can be afforded. Lots of people who are heartily tired of greasy mayonnaise salads will relish keenly, on a cold night, a bowl of hot milk and a plate of crisp crackers; a beautifully baked apple, served on your best glass saucer or plate, with a sandwich of brown bread and butter or a piece of gingerbread, and a cup of hot chocolate or a glass of cold milk, according to season, will delight many a man sick as sick can be of rich, soggy layer cakes and dubious or worse than dubious cheese preparations.

Let the lace doilies be just as dainty and the candle-light just as soft as for the serving of the feasts that kill. Remember the little boy who said that hygienic food is any food which doesn't taste good, and never cease to remind yourself that the reason so many excellent reforms fail is because the reformers make their wholesomeness so much less attractive than the unwholesomeness they crusade against. But try your prettiest table setting, your most charming service, with a sensible pre-bedtime bite, some of these fine evenings, and see if you don't hear from a dozen quarters that the guests have expressed themselves as wondering why everybody didn't go and do likewise.

CHEWING VERSUS "BOLTING"

Now, I put this kind of an introduction to this chapter because I wanted you to understand my attitude from the outset. So many people writing on the subject of diet start in at once to involve their readers in a hopeless tangle of proteids and carbohydrates and "such like," and then proceed to decry everything that a normal human being would be likely to wish to do, that I made up my mind when I undertook this book to remember that the people who will, I hope, read it are no different

from myself in that they wish to maintain as much comeliness and comfort as they can without devoting their whole livelong time to it or mounting themselves on hobbies which will make them disagreeably "queer." It is said that Mr. Gladstone owed his longevity and good health to his habit of chewing every bite of food thirty-two times. But I know that, as for myself, I'd rather live a few years less than he did, and have now and then a twinge of indigestion, than be put, three times a day for fourscore and some years, to the necessity of shaking my head when some one asked me a question "midway of the thirty-two chews." Perhaps he didn't converse at the table—in which case he had double need to chew carefully, for happy conversation and especially laughter aid digestion wonderfully, they tell us; perhaps people learned to address him only between bites. Imagine eating under such conditions! No; "bolting" is very, very bad—bad manners and bad for the health—and undoubtedly scarce one of us chews sufficiently for his own good. But far be it from me ever to commend the careful habits imputed to Mr. Gladstone, for that amount of carefulness exceeds virtue, in my modest opinion, and partakes of a self-consciousness and a self-concern which

might easily underlie more unpleasantness than dyspepsia does. No! I say, if there can possibly be such a thing as a reasonable chapter on diet, let this aim, at least, to be it. We can't all move to Arcady and establish a new order of things; we've got to go on living each in his own little world with its established precedents which yield only with much difficulty to suggested reforms. We've got to go on living there, and if we're going to have a pleasant time in our world we've got to conform pretty well to its standards. As soon as we get "queer," things get hard for us, and we make things hard for others. Perhaps we have a right to undertake hardships for ourselves, but certainly we should try to think a good while before we inflict them on others. These being the plain truths of our common situation, let us see what there is about this matter of diet and good looks that may reasonably engage our attention.

To go exhaustively into the subject in a single chapter or in a single volume is impossible. Different people thrive on different kinds of food, and when we reach the domain of diet as a corrective of ills the flesh is heir to, we are bordering on a territory not only vast but practically uncharted.

“What’s one man’s meat is another man’s poison,” and the mere enumeration of the stomach’s idiosyncrasies is impossible, to say nothing of prescribing for their cure. It often baffles the cleverest physicians to know what a particular man or woman should or should not eat, and as for those persons who read books on dietetics and prescribe therefrom for themselves, their course is madness and their end destruction.

FOOD AND COAL

But there are a few fundamentals about food which every civilized being should know. We know them all, you and I, but we don’t remember them. We know, for instance, that life is sustained on what we eat and what we drink and what we breathe. We know that our bodies may be likened to furnaces into which we put food for fuel and air to make it burn. Some of the resulting “combustion” goes into heat and some into energy, and some goes off in smoke and gases, and some remains in useless waste which must be got rid of. We know of actual coal and wood that there are some kinds which burn up very brightly in a short time, and burn out quite clean, leaving small waste; that there are some kinds that ignite slowly

but burn steadily for a long time. Soft coal burns with that volume of smoke which makes life all but unbearable in some cities. Some kinds of hard coal have lots of "clinkers" or unburnable substances which clog grates and tend to reduce the heat-giving quality of the fire. We know it's the same with food fuel. Some kinds give a great deal of heat and energy, and some give very little. Some kinds produce a heavy "smoke," some kinds leave lots of "clinkers," and some kinds burn very clean and leave a minimum of waste.

But the simile ends here; a furnace is, after all, only a means to an end, and a body is, properly, more than that. That is to say, while you don't exactly want to damage your furnace with cheap fuel or ruin your household effects with soot and smoke, your furnace is only a furnace, and its appearance is of small importance if only it heats your house or provides power for your factory. Soft coal is as convertible into heat and energy as hard coal, and if you spoil your furnace with sooty, smutty fuel, you can buy a new one. But new stomachs are not to be had, and if they were, having them would not eradicate the results of abuses to the old one. Moreover, while you can melt just as fine gold in a soft-coal fire as in a fire of anthra-

cite, you cannot get just as much energy from boiled cabbage as from roast beef.

NOURISHING FOOD

Some people think that if they fill themselves full of something they have done enough. I remember that when I was little I used sometimes to be successful in getting hold of candy soon before a mealtime, and was impressed to note how it fulfilled the parental prophecy and spoiled my appetite for meat and potatoes. "But," I thought, "what a boon to the poor! If ever I am very, very poor and have only a penny, and am terribly hungry, I shall buy a cent's worth of the sweetest candy and then I won't want anything else for a long time." I smile now at that "wisdom of the simple," but every day I see grown persons, educated persons, well-read persons treating their stomachs with the same philosophy. Now, everyone of us knows that what he puts into his stomach is dissolved in greater or less time by a series of digestive juices, and then absorbed into the upbuilding and sustaining of the body, or eliminated as waste. But how many of us remember this when we set out to eat? Instead, we eat what's easy to get, or what

some one offers us, or what pleases the eyes, or what tickles a "tired" palate.

We lived next door, once upon a time, to a family with three of the spindliest, peakedest, most anæmic children I've ever seen. One cold, winter day an accident in that household took my ever-helpful mother to the scene. Luncheon was on the table, and mother could not help noticing it: dried beef, baker's bread, cheese cut in thick chunks, and tea. The riddle was solved! The almost daily presence of the doctor's carriage before that door was easily understandable. Over at our house, where no doctor had been in fifteen years, red-cheeked, sturdy-limbed, sparkling-eyed youngsters were consuming vegetable soup made from stock so rich that it jellied stiff when cold, and steaming, savory lamb stew, "topped off" with a baked pudding of rice and raisins served with cream. In the high school to which the elder children of both families went, the eldest-born of the cheese-and-chipped-beef family was not yet ready to graduate when she reached the age of twenty-one, and shame of her backwardness made her withdraw; the eldest of the other household graduated at sixteen, with gold-medal honors easily won. The anæmic girl, sick half her time with headache and eye strain and

colds and nervousness, simply had no chance in life against the buoyant, hearty girl with rich blood bounding joyously through her veins and feeding her brain with abundant vitality.

It is so always through life: the ill-nourished and the overfed have no power to cope with those happy persons whose stomachs are at ease. Knowing this as well as we all do, it is a wonder, indeed, as I said before, that most of us exhibit such folly about the things we eat and the way we eat them.

THE WAY WE EAT

First, a word or two in general about the way we eat: We need not chew each bite thirty-two times like Mr. Gladstone, but we ought to chew more thoroughly than we do. The finer the particles of food are when they reach the stomach, the less trouble they give the digestive juices before they can be assimilated into the blood. Hasty eating is bound to cause serious trouble, sooner or later. The stomach may not revolt at first, but it will by and by, inevitably. Another important item is that good cheer aids digestion. This isn't pretty sentiment—it is plain fact. Anger, fear, melancholy, all operate to lessen the nourishing value of food as well as to decrease the appetite

for it. Not only in a spiritual sense is it true that "better is the dinner of herbs, where love is, than the stalled ox and hatred therewith." Pleasant conversation and an occasional hearty laugh at the table are better than pepsin for the digestion of food. Many of us know how unsavory is the meal eaten alone; how desire for food dwindles when eating must be done under spiritless circumstances. We owe it to ourselves and to those for whom we cater to make mealtimes as pleasant as we possibly can and to set as much store by the appetizing attractiveness of our food as we set by its wholesomeness and its relation to the needs of our bodies.

WHAT WE EAT

Now, then, a few things about what we eat: All food substances used to be comprehended in two classes which were called tissue formers and heat producers, but this classification has been modified somewhat by the knowledge that heat and energy are generated and thrown off in the digestion of the tissue builders, and substance as well as power is supplied in some degree in the heat producers. But for general if not for scientific use the old classification serves very well. Inasmuch as I my-

self have never been able to remember for more than five minutes after looking it up whether any given thing is a proteid or carbohydrate, I have tried to find some simpler designation for these food forms, but have not been altogether successful. Carbohydrates are starches and sweets; that's easy enough. But what to call proteids passes my inventiveness. Proteids build bone and tissue and are a very, very important part of food, but I can't find a plain, everyday term which comprehends them, for they include things as diverse as lean meat, milk, nuts, and the white of eggs. But the more one reads on this subject the more lost he becomes in the haziness of science as to what is and what is not a proteid and what happens when foods act in chemical combinations inside the body. So the technical phraseology and cocksure air of the majority of writers on diet become very funny indeed when one knows the vast uncertainties of science on the subject.

CHEMICALS IN FOOD

Everybody knows starchy foods—flour and rice and potatoes; and everybody knows sugar; and everybody knows fats—meat fats and butter and oil. Perhaps we shan't go fatally wrong if we

incline to call anything a proteid which is not starchy or sugary or fat. But if we do go wrong we needn't be too terribly ashamed, for the best scientists are still blundering about this matter, and every article they write is a fuller confession of how little they really know about it after all. The constituent in proteids that is so upbuilding is nitrogen; young growing persons need more of it than persons who have their growth, and hard physical workers need more than those who lead sedentary lives. But how we're to know a nitrogenous food when we see one, I'm not sure—can't even guess. Probably we have to find out about different foods one by one; to look them up or ask about them. Peas and beans and lean meat and milk and the white of eggs we are told are proteids; what the others are, or may be, we can inquire, if we have sufficient interest. It will probably suffice for most of us, however, if we remember that our diet, to serve all purposes, must be varied; that if we work hard in the open air our food should be heartier than if we sit about indoors; and that different seasons call for different foods.

BREAKFAST

American breakfasts have grown more rational within the last few years. Only the exceptional family nowadays makes a heavy meal of the morning repast. A man going out to hard physical labor may need to breakfast on steak or chops and fried potatoes, hot bread, buckwheat cakes, and like fare, but the ordinary individual is no more likely to care for such things than to need them. Fruit ought always to be eaten in the morning; either fresh or cooked it is excellent for the general health. Well-cooked cereals, served with milk or cream, are liked by nearly everyone, but the housekeeper should vary them and remember that too much oatmeal is heating to the blood, and too much cornmeal is binding for the bowels; both are good in moderation, but perhaps wheat preparations are best of all for the majority. A bit of delicately crisp bacon or broiled ham, or an egg, soft-boiled or poached and served on toast, with a roll or muffin and cup of coffee or chocolate, is now ordinarily the main course at breakfast. Pancakes, cooked as they often are on a greasy griddle, saturated in melted butter and drenched with maple sirup, are nicely calculated to lie so heavy,

in any stomach the morning through as to disturb either work or play.

LUNCH

Lunch instead of midday dinner is the rule in large communities where the working members of a family do not get home at noon, and lunch is one of the most abused things in the world. Either from economy or from haste or from indifference, the greater number of persons who eat lunch away from home habitually do violence to their health, present and prospective. School children either eke out their dry, unappetizing lunches brought from home by atrocious combinations of pickles and cream puffs, or, left to buy their whole lunch to suit themselves, spend their allowance on doughnuts and pie and coffee when their lusty young bodies and severely taxed young brains ought to be fed at midday on rich broths and savory stews or chops and baked potatoes, and rice, farina, tapioca, or cornstarch puddings, with variations of vegetable salads, made with French dressing, of crisp celery, olives or other appetizer, and fruit either fresh or cooked. Women, lunching downtown, will either economize on currant buns and chocolate éclairs with a cup of tea, or indulge their

misguided fancies for lobster salad and ice cream. Busy men folks dash to a dairy-lunch counter and swallow a ham sandwich and a piece of pie in three minutes; but to the credit of the sex be it said that when they are too wise to do this latter, they usually go to a restaurant and sit down comfortably to a meal of nourishing food.

DINNER

The old idea that a hearty meal at night is bad for people has been abandoned by nearly everyone. In the face of the fact that all normal animals go to sleep when their stomachs are full and refuse to sleep when they are hungry, nearly everyone has become reconciled to the evening dinner. Even children may safely be given their heartiest meal at night, if it be the right kind of a meal. It is one of the main points in the business of every housekeeper to know about the digestibility of different kinds of food, about the season when each is best, and about the variety demanded by the ordinary stomach. No woman has the least business to be directing a household if she does not know these things. She may not be very well informed about proteids and carbohydrates, but she ought certainly to know how much harder pork is

to digest than lamb, what are the relative merits of fried and broiled meats, what makes pastry ordinarily injurious, why palates crave less meat and more green vegetables in the springtime, and a hundred and one other things. And, of course, she ought never in the world to be or to hope to be the head of a household if she does not have a great deal of homely common sense about the duty of everyone to those elements of things eaten which the body refuses to assimilate and which must be got rid of regularly and thoroughly if any sort of health or happiness is to be maintained.

CARE OF BOWELS

No matter what may ail a patient—even if he's lost a leg!—about the first question a doctor asks is touching the condition of the bowels. When you put out your tongue for him he has his pretty nearly infallible guide. Neither health nor beauty nor peace of mind is possible in a body clogged with refuse. It ought not to be necessary to mention this matter, but unfortunately it is. Many persons who pride themselves on their intelligence and on their punctiliousness are grossly, horribly negligent about this vital thing.

TWO THINGS TO REMEMBER

What we are to remember about food, then, is:

That we eat to produce energy for our work and play, and to build up the tissues of our bodies, which the wear and tear of life is constantly breaking down.

That health and beauty and success wait on good digestion, and good digestion waits on proper food, properly proportioned and properly served and eaten, and on exercise, fresh air, and the due elimination of waste.

CHAPTER V

THE CROWN OF GLORY AND HOW TO KEEP IT SHINING

WHEN one comes to think it over, it seems probable that if a count could be made, lovely woman in all ages and all lands would be found to have enmeshed more admirers in the strands of her shining hair than ever she lured with the grace of her figure or the classic perfection of her features, or even with the sparkling of her eyes. Literature teems with the rhapsodies of poets and the attempted philosophies of the wise about women's hair. History has always taken note of it and the part it has played in kingdoms and dynasties. And art has always known, of course, that a woman's hair gives the keynote to her style and personality.

A woman I know was trying to persuade one of her sons that a girl he was quite desperate about was not at all the type of girl to make him a good wife. She was a lovely girl, but everything in her bringing up and in her temperament was nicely

calculated, as anyone with half an eye could see, to make the worst instead of the best out of that particular young man. But to all his mother's unanswerable arguments he only murmured: "I know, but did you ever see such glorious hair?" "You can't live a lifetime on the satisfaction of glorious hair," retorted his mother with acerbity. But he married the girl, and though every dire thing has fallen out quite as predicted, they're living along somehow, and he's still so proud of that glorious hair that the quickest way to his heart is to praise it. What will happen when it begins to turn gray or to thin out is a problem, but probably by that time they will have become so accustomed to each other that they'll stick together from sheer force of habit.

Another young man I know, describing to me the hair of the girl he had just persuaded to marry him, told me it was so bright and beautiful it "simply lit up a room," and went on in that strain until I might reasonably have wondered (if I didn't know how to make allowance for lovers' ecstasies) if the young lady used phosphorus in her hair wash.

AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER

Nuns, renouncing the pride of flesh, make haste to be shorn of their hair the first thing, and, conversely, one of the first things any woman does when she begins to “perk up” in appearance is to fluff out her hair or in some wise to seek a more becoming coiffure. A keen judge of human nature can tell more about a woman from her hair—its grooming and its dressing—than from almost any other thing about her. He can tell at a glance whether wispy locks, gathered into an unbecoming little knob at the back of a woman’s head, bespeak the indifference of dejection or the defiance of freakish oddity. And quite as quickly he can tell the outrageous pompadour of the cheap little shop-girl from the professionally dressed tresses of the society maiden. Once in a while he sees a woman, young or middle-aged or old, with hair so beautifully kept and perfectly arranged as a frame for that particular face that he knows the woman for an artist—one of those souls that love perfection. There is a way above all other ways that is perfection for each woman’s hairdressing, and it is every woman’s business to experiment until she finds that way and then to bide in it. This notion

that some women have that there should be conformity to a general style in dressing the hair is as silly as any of the other notions of style for the multitude. The minute a woman begins to get refined and æsthetic, that minute she begins to want things individual. It is for the common herd that hats are manufactured by the thousands of one pattern, that Psyche knots or pompadours drooping over the left eye are adopted as "the thing" whether they are becoming or disfiguring. The woman of taste has her hat built on her head by an artist in outline, and her hair dressed not only to show its beauty to the best advantage, but to accent the good points and diminish the defects of her face, viewed profile, three-quarter, and full face; she would rather not wear her hair in any of the too prevailing modes, but if one of those is the mode that suits her best she adopts it, and sticks to it after "Sal, Moll, and Emilye" have left it off.

ARTISTIC HAIRDRESSING

Really artistic hairdressing at the hands of professionals is scarcely to be had in this country. In France there are a few men who understand the proper relation of hair to the face—the amount of

forehead that should be left uncovered, the angle at which a knot will throw a long nose into hideous prominence, and the slightly different angle at which it will correct the natural prominence, and so on—but in this country a woman who puts her tresses in the hands of a hairdresser is almost certain to get a much-crimped effect in the prevailing style, without further regard to her personality than is expressed in asking her if she will have it “high or low.” So the woman of means and her sister of the slender purse alike must study their own faces and experiment with their own locks until they find “the” way that is their way. And then, if they are wise, they will not rush to a hairdresser to be made “fine” for some particular occasion, like having a picture taken or getting married, but will try to look as sweetly familiar as possible, instead of as formally unfamiliar as only a strange and indifferent hairdresser can make a woman look. So much, then, for the arrangement of the hair! Only be sure, in studying effects, to use your hand glass thoroughly, and note how each style you try affects your profile as well as your full-face view, and also how it looks in the back. I sat at a *matinée* the other day behind several rows of smartly, even elegantly, dressed

women who had, of course, removed their hats, and I thought I had never seen so many ill-looking heads. We owe something to the people who sit behind us—rather more than to the people who look us in the face. There may be much in a woman's expression, in her dazzling teeth or pretty complexion or sparkling eyes, to make us forget that her hair is not prettily arranged. But if we sit behind her at church or in a car or at some place of amusement, the back of her head is about the only basis for our judgment of her, and she owes it to us to give us a pleasant impression of her. A clever and beautiful girl I know says if there's anything remiss about her appearance she always wants it to be "in front," so she can keep people from looking at it by interesting them in what she's saying. "If it's behind," she says, "I'm powerless to prevent people's smiles or their pity—one of which is as bad as the other."

COLOR OF HAIR

Now for the matter of how to keep hair in the best condition—for no amount of tasteful dressing will atone for the appearance of neglect; in fact, no satisfactory dressing is possible with neglected hair. And first let us say a word about color.

Nature very cunningly contrives to give all of us complexions to match our hair. If she of her own accord and in her own due processes changes the color of our hair, she changes the tone of our complexion to go with it, and that is the reason why any alterations we may make in the color of our hair are bound to be so obvious; we cannot effect the complexion changes to accompany them. "The only thing to do with gray hair is to admire it." This has become a proverb, and one that needs frequent quoting in these days when so many young persons are turning gray that the tendency has assumed the proportions of an epidemic. Absolutely *no* hair dye is harmless, and absolutely *all* hair dyes are vulgar. Any honest hairdresser will tell you that there is no cure for whitening hair, and that any attempt to conceal it will cost a great deal of time and money, may involve serious consequences, and is little likely to give satisfaction to the wearer or to deceive her friends.

Dyed hair is never in the least degree beautiful, and it never matches the complexion, for no matter how prematurely one's hair may whiten, the same chemical change has been working in the skin, and since we cannot dye our skin, the most skillfully dyed hair will not avail to save us from

the betrayal of our complexions. Besides, mad-houses are full of the victims of hair bleach and hair dye, as any expert on insanity will tell you. Bleaching is, if anything, more dangerous than dyeing, and certainly it is the one possible degree more vulgar. Women have been known to dye their hair for decent reasons, but bleached hair is inseparably associated with the courtesan class, with which no self-respecting woman could possibly desire to be confounded. "Chemical blonde" and "peroxide peach" and like terms have become current for the utterly foolish wearers of bleached hair; and how any woman not depraved can bear the sneers that "chemical" tresses call forth, or imagine for a moment that anyone is deceived by them, is more than the sober-minded can comprehend. Even what is called "touching up," to give a more golden tinge to blond hair or a reddish tint to chestnut hair, is always very perceptible, for the roots are constantly sending out new hair of the natural color which belies the accentuated shade of the bulk.

The only thing to do with the color of your hair is to let Nature take care of it in her own sweet way. If you don't like the color, you must overcome it with good grooming, not with dye, for a beautifully

kept and beautifully dressed head of hair is bound to be charming, irrespective of its color.

CURLING AND STRAIGHT HAIR

Next to color, or perhaps even superior to it in the amount of concern women's hair gives them, is the matter of curl. For some reason every woman not a negress desires to have curly hair. Colored women, on the contrary, yearn inexpressibly for straight hair, and spend, collectively, large sums of money each year for fake "kink medicines" advertised in negro newspapers in the South and "guaranteed" to take the kink out of any hair. Of course none of these "medicines" does anything of the sort, but we need not smile too indulgently at the folly of the ignorant black women who pay a dollar a bottle for these patent remedies. We need to remember that the North and South and East and West are full of educated white women who buy "hair restorers" not one whit more effective than the "kink medicines" whereat they laugh.

Just why curl is considered so desirable, unless one has too much of it, is a little hard to say. Of course, soft fluffy hair makes a more becoming frame for most faces, old or young, than straight

hair. But fluffiness is not necessarily curliness, and many women look vastly better with perfectly straight hair, softly rolled back from brow and temples, than they could possibly look in the most perfect waves or crimps or curls that ever were thought of. Straight hair that is coarse is apt to be a trial, it is true, but when all's said and done, it is almost certain to look better in its natural straightness than in an artificial crimpiness, for coarse hair does not crimp successfully and, in the familiar phrase of womankind, "the more you do with it the worse it gets." The chances are that if your hair is straight and coarse, your features are the kind of features that that kind of hair best befits. Try it and see. Then, if you decide that this is so, concentrate your efforts on keeping your hair smooth and glossy and in wearing it in the prettiest style to which straight hair is adaptable and your facial contour is suited.

There is absolutely no way of making straight hair permanently curly. All that can be done is to put in a curl that will last for a little while. This is a good deal of trouble, as anyone who has tried it knows. It is a trouble to curl the hair, and there is the ever-present worry about its coming uncurled. Dampness takes the curl out, wind blows

it into unsightly wisps, and all sorts of things happen to spoil the appearance of the head that has been curled on “kids” or hot irons. There are some women who are all the time curling their hair. All assemblies they attend have to wait for them while they repair with a curling iron the ravages wrought in their curls on the way, and when they go on a long jaunt to any place where irons cannot be heated, they are a sight to behold and their lamentations fill the air. As I think over the women of this class in my acquaintance, I cannot think of one who would not be better-looking, to say nothing of better company, if she let her hair alone. But I don’t suppose anything could ever convince them of this. “No,” said a famous hostess the other day, debating about guests for a dinner, “I won’t ask the N——s. He’s brilliant and would add a great deal to the dinner, but I can’t ask people to sit at a table with her for two or three hours and watch her fix her hair.” Now, this woman doesn’t know she does it, but fully two-thirds of the time her hand is straying nervously toward her hair, pushing it back or feeling for stray locks, or otherwise fumbling with tresses that never were meant to curl and are always coming uncurled. And it “gets on the nerves” of people

who have to look at her. A stage manager once told me that one of the most difficult things he had to do in training a chorus was to get the girls in it to keep their hands away from their hair. Poor things! Nearly everyone of them was trying to make her hair do something it wasn't inclined to do, and the worry of it had become a sort of unconscious monomania. Watch the women you know and see if this nervous habit isn't fastened upon nearly every woman who has an unnaturally curly head. Now, it's every woman's business to look as well as she possibly can, and it's any woman's prerogative to curl her hair if that improves her appearance; in fact, it is her duty to curl it if it improves her appearance. But let her be careful how the effort gets the better of her, for the majority of those who see her would infinitely prefer straight hair to "fidgets."

FALSE HAIR

About false hair: False hair is no disgrace if it adds to a woman's personableness. There are any number of reasons why a woman's hair may be scantier than it ought to be for comeliness. Illness frequently works havoc with hair, but the woman who has been ill, so far from considering

herself relegated to plainness by the thinning of her hair, should feel a special incentive to supply the deficiency. A round, rosy, healthful face may look very pretty with very little hair, but a thin, sallow face wearing the traces of suffering is almost sure to need the softening of fairly abundant hair, and a woman need feel no shame in buying tresses. Only she ought, while wearing them, to take all possible pains to stimulate the growth of her own hair, not only because it is pleasanter to feel that one's "crown of glory" is one's very own, but because hair ought to grow on a healthy scalp. It is better, however, to wear an out-and-out wig or false front than to eke out one's too scanty hair with cushions or "rats" which overheat the head and make for baldness. One ought always to remember that a prime need of the head and hair is ventilation and light—sunshine, if possible. Hair that is tightly coiled all day should be taken down at night and brushed and worn as loose as possible without snarling. When one can, in the country or in the suburbs, it is good to dispense with a hat and to be outdoors in warm weather with the head exposed to the elements. A sun bath is excellent for the hair, either after shampooing or at any time when one has leisure to indulge in it.

And if one wears a wig over a cropped poll, it is well to keep the wig off when she is alone, and give the new growth all the fresh air she can.

BRUSHING

Brushing does a twofold service: it frees the hair from dust and it stimulates circulation in the scalp and the flow of that natural oil which gives hair its gloss and brilliance. Good brushes are expensive to buy, but not expensive in the long run. And only good brushes are worth while. The backs are better if made of wood than if made of silver or ivory; one may have brushes of the latter sort, if she can afford it, to grace her dressing table and to give her hair an occasional smoothing before she puts on her hat or after she takes it off; but the brush for real use should have its cost in its bristles, not in its back. The bristles ought to be long and of varying lengths and as stiff as they can be and still be very pliable and not irritate the scalp. If your scalp is very tender you will need a softer brush than some one whose scalp is not so sensitive. A good way to brush the hair is to part it carefully down the middle of the head from front to back and then brush each half vigorously.

After that, comb it all back and brush well over the temples in the way the hair grows.

CLEAN BRUSHES AND COMBS

Cleanliness in brushes and combs is a matter of prime importance. A gentlewoman of the old school used to say that if she could see a girl's comb and brush she could know pretty nearly all she wanted to know about the girl. Certainly one of the marks of the refined woman is the care she gives her brushes, and her repugnance to any brushes but her own. She would as soon use another woman's toothbrush as her hairbrush, and with good reason, for most if not all the diseases of the scalp are now known to be of microbe origin, and a brush not thoroughly sterilized immediately before using is a perfect means of communication for any disease germs it may have in it. Wash your brushes and comb at least once a week by shaking them in warm water in which you have put a little ammonia. Hold the brushes so that the bristles will be immersed but the backs will escape, else you will ruin the latter. Rinse in clear cold water and sterilize in a four-per-cent solution of boric acid. Dry thoroughly in the sun, with the bristles of the brushes down. The leading shops

now sell little brushes made especially for cleansing combs; they are round, with a handle on top, much after the shape of a diminutive potato masher, and the stiff bristles are very effective in getting between the teeth of a comb. But in lieu of one of these, an old toothbrush can be made to do good service in the intervals between washing in ammonia water.

DANDRUFF

Dandruff must always exist in some degree in every head, for it is the scaling off of dead cuticle. When, however, the formation is excessive, there is some unhealthy reason for it, just as there is for excessive perspiration. A reasonable amount of brushing and shampooing ought to keep the head clean of such dandruff as is natural to it, but often these scales of dead cuticle form so excessively about the roots of the hair as to kill them, causing partial or complete baldness. The causes of dandruff, when it has become a disease, are so numerous that only a physician who knows the sufferer's general state of health ought to prescribe for its cure. But in general it may be said that the best medical practitioners are strongly opposed to any but the simplest remedies. Thorough cleansing

with pure soap, frequent brushing, and much exposure to air and sun are the sovereign agencies of cure. Scalp massage is good, as it restores circulation in the blood vessels about the roots of the hair, and where blood—good, healthy blood—circulates there is food always for growth. If there is a woman in your neighborhood who understands scalp massage, you will do well to have her come once a week to shampoo and rub your head, if you have a tendency to dry scalp, excessive scaling, or falling hair. If none such is procurable, you can do a good deal for yourself by rubbing your scalp vigorously with your finger tips.

DANDRUFF CURES

An old-fashioned dandruff cure given by Dr. Walker is: Bay rum, five ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce. And another authority gives the following, not as a specific but as a possibly good adjunct to the brushing, washing, and rubbing treatment: Beef marrow, sixty parts; sweet almond oil, twenty parts; flower of sulphur, one part; tincture of benzoin, six parts. This, it is easy to see, is an unguent for a scalp that suffers from too much dryness. If, on the other hand, frequent brushing or other irritation

has caused the oil glands to discharge too freely, a tonic of wych-hazel, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces; distilled water, one ounce; and resorcin, forty grains, will remove the superfluous grease. Beware of advertised "dandruff cures" and hair tonics; use none of them except on the advice of your physician.

SHAMPOOING

In shampooing use, if possible, a soap made from vegetable oil. What is known as "green soap," which comes in clear green jelly, sold in glass jars, is the best shampoo soap. Next best is pure white castile, made from olive oil. Never rub soap of any kind on the hair, but make warm suds with it and rub the suds into the hair. The soaping of the hair, however, is of far less importance than the rinsing. This latter should be thorough to the last degree, as any traces of soap left in the hair will prevent it from fluffing or curling and will catch and hold dirt and irritate the head. Rinse in water after water, gradually cooling from hot to tepid or cold, then wipe as dry as possible on a soft towel—not a fuzzy bath towel, as the lint is sure to catch in the tangled hair. After shampooing sit in the sun and keep shaking



MASSAGE THE SCALP WITH THE FINGER TIPS.



FANNING THE HAIR SO AS TO VENTILATE THE ROOTS.

and tossing the hair, rubbing the scalp with the finger tips meanwhile, until it is quite dry. Then brush the snarls out, taking extreme care not to break any hairs. Fanning is good for the hair in drying, if one cannot sit out of doors and let the breezes do one's fanning. And a prime factor in a good shampoo is soft water. Rain water is the ideal water for all beauty purposes, but most of all for the hair. If this is not obtainable, soften the hard water with a few drops of ammonia (scented ammonia, very nice for this purpose, comes ready prepared) or a pinch of borax. Be very careful about the use of these, though, if your hair is inclined to be too dry, for either will accent that tendency.

CHAPTER VI

THE HANDS AND FEET

EVERYONE remembers how Mary Queen of Scots, attempting to escape from Lochleven Castle in the disguise of a washer-woman, was stopped and returned to custody by a guard who caught sight of one of her patrician white hands. It is only one of a thousand stories intended, in most repeatings, to emphasize the fact that high breeding is unfailingly evidenced by the hands. There are common-sense ways of accounting for this fact, for hands show care and are seldom beautiful when neglected. A peasant girl may have a clear olive or milk-and-roses complexion that my lady can only envy, not approximate; she is quite likely to have whiter, more even teeth than her wrongly fed superior in this world's goods, and as likely to have the brighter eye of health and innocent happiness; she may even do her share toward supplying my lady with the luxuriant false tresses piled so artistically on my lady's head.

But my lady will almost inevitably have the advantage in the matter of hands and feet. Coarse, heavy work enlarges hands, certain kinds of work make the knuckles bigger, failure to wipe dry after having them in water causes the hands to chap and roughen, and nothing but constant care will keep nails in good condition. So the average girl who works at coarse work, and does not know how to minimize its abuses and correct those that are unavoidably encountered, is practically certain to have ugly hands. But so is the lady of leisure (if there can *be* such a thing as a lady of leisure!) who neglects her hands. Generations of leisure and care before her may have given her hands originally slender and tapering and white and satin soft, with rosy nails of the filbert shape so desirable, but unless she takes excellent care of her heritage it will not bide perfect.

WORK AND HANDS

In China, persons of caste wear their finger nails several inches long as an indisputable evidence that they do no work with their hands. In this country we think the intent with which our Celestial friends wear their talons quite as hideous as the talons themselves. We don't think much of

anyone who does no work with his or her hands—particularly if it is “a her.” We don’t think much of hands that are too fine to work with. We’d rather have the gnarledest old pair of hands that ever did their lovely part to soothe the world’s pain and provide its comforts than the prettiest pair of hands that ever were possible only by dint of refusing to serve. But we believe, in this great democratic country of ours, in the prettiest hands possible with the fullest degree of service.

If your share of “the world’s work” entails anything that stains or otherwise disfigures your hands, the thing to do is not to go gingerly about your work, fearing for your comeliness, but to plunge in, work like “a good fellow,” and then go carefully about remedying the harm done. I’ve seen women trying to do good work with rubber gloves on, or to wash dishes with a mop to save putting their hands in the suds, but I never saw a real, thorough workwoman persevere in either effort. The better way is to be prompt and never failing in the use of remedies.

REMEDIES FOR STAINS, ETC.

For stains of nearly all kinds, as well as for many other sorts of household emergencies, every

woman should have a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen, which is invaluable for the cleansing of cuts or other wounds, and for the removal of discolorations from the fingers and nails. Add a few drops of ammonia to a fifty-per-cent solution of the peroxide when you use it for removing stains. Lemon juice and salt are also effective for this. Some housekeepers 'never throw away the rind of a squeezed lemon, but keep all such for rubbing on their hands to whiten them. Sulphur water is another good and harmless bleach, especially effective for ink and fruit stains.

Unpleasant odors clinging to the hands may be put to flight by mustard, either rubbed on dry or applied in a mustard bath.

The "parboiled" condition of hands that have been long in water will yield to a treatment of vinegar.

TO WHITEN THE HANDS

For whitening the hands nothing is better than almond meal or oatmeal reduced to a fine powder. A little white muslin bag of either may be kept on one's washstand and rubbed on the hands while wet, after the soap has been rinsed off; or the hands may be dusted with the meal after drying.

Buttermilk is a great beautifier for the hands, and if you happen to live where it is abundant, you would do well to wash both face and hands in it as often as once a day, if you can. Also, if you live in the country, you might treat yourself as often as possible in the short season of ripe cucumbers to the benefits of a little cucumber juice; a dead-ripe cucumber cut lengthwise in halves and rubbed on the hands will do wonders for them. When trying any remedy for red hands, however, be sure that the redness is not caused by restricted circulation. Tight gloves, tight sleeves, tight collars, tight corsets, tight belts, all contribute to the making of red hands and red noses, and nothing in the world, not even whitewash, will whiten redness so caused.

ROUGHNESS OF HANDS

Roughness is caused by a variety of things, chief among which is failure to dry the hands thoroughly after having them in water. Much hard use will make the hands callous. One way to cure roughness is to prevent it as much as possible. Along with a good deal of prevention, try a little cure in the form of grease. There's nothing better for rough hands than mutton tallow, but the smell

of it is so unpleasant that many persons would rather have the disease than the remedy. If you cannot get the prepared sticks of it which come daintily scented, try rendering some for yourself and adding a little orris root before the tallow cools. Sweet oil and olive oil are very good for the skin. Glycerin agrees with some skins and not with others. Each woman must experiment for herself, but there are not many who cannot get benefit from a mixture of glycerin and rose water in some proportion which experience has taught. If the ordinary compound does not agree with your skin reduce the amount of glycerin and increase the amount of rose water, and try the new formula. The market is full of excellent preparations in cream or jelly or liquid form for the softening of rough hands. It hardly pays to make up cream for oneself when the varieties obtainable are so numerous and so excellent. If the roughness is excessive—and sometimes it amounts to what is known as a “bleeding chap”—you will do well to increase the application of cream or glycerin or grease beyond what will rub in, and after putting on a generous supply over and above what you are able to make the skin absorb at once, draw over the hands a pair of very loose old white or light kid

gloves. But be very careful to have them loose; if they are the least bit tight you will wake up in the morning worse off than when you went to sleep. Discarded evening gloves begged from the men of your household or acquaintance are likely to be best for the purpose; but certainly you should never use your own gloves, or any that are less than two or three sizes larger than you ordinarily wear. A good deal of callous skin that is not too old may be rubbed off with a gentle application of sandpaper or pumice stone. The latter (not powdered but in its real stone form) is valuable for so many purposes that a small piece of it, the size of an egg, should be in every household. Such a piece will cost about a nickel and last a lifetime, during which period it may be counted on to do several dollars' worth of beauty service, and at the end of which time it may be willed to one's heirs. The needle pricks on your left forefinger will smooth away with a few touches of the pumice stone, and so will little rough corners of your fingers near the nails.

WARTS

Warts are a great disfigurement to which some people are prone. It is seldom wise to tamper with them yourself, as serious harm may ensue. Some-

times they will yield to a corn cure, of the majority of which the basis is collodion and salicylic acid. A mixture of one dram of salicylic acid and one ounce of collodion, applied very carefully with a tiny brush, may be found efficacious. If it fails to remove the warts do not experiment with caustics, with which it is the easiest thing in the world for the novice to do more harm than can easily be undone. About obdurate warts, see your physician. Never, in any circumstances, for any reason, consult a traveling quack or a "specialist" who advertises. You might possibly strike one who would not harm you, but you take your life in your hands with the majority of the fraternity. The street cars in some cities and the advertising columns of some magazines and newspapers are full of the exploitations of these quacks who claim their ability to remove, "in one visit, without pain," any disfigurement from pockmarks to pimples. The wonder is that there can be any human being so much of a simpleton as to believe them, and that the laws which operate to protect the immature and feeble-minded do not put the fakers out of business and behind bars.

Freckles, which spoil the looks of many hands, are dealt with elsewhere, as are sunburn and tan.

CARE OF THE HANDS AND NAILS

In washing the hands take care always to make the cleansing thorough, as there are few things worse for the skin than insufficient cleansing. Be sure to wash or scrub all the grime away with good pure soap, warm (not too hot) water, soft if possible, and a good nailbrush; then rinse the soap off carefully, dry very thoroughly, and either rub in a little of some favorite cream or glycerin compound, or dust with talcum powder, bran, or almond meal.

The care of the nails is one of the most important things in the care of the hands, and—quite as quickly as whiteness or softness or slender, tapering shape or dimpled plumpness—shows that ruling instinct for daintiness which bespeaks high breeding.

Nails are, as everyone knows, easily injured, and, being so sensitive, are very indicative of the person's state of health. A healthy person's nails grow quickly, and if the hands have never been abused or neglected the nails grow out quite smooth and clear, showing the rosy pink skin underneath. "Ribbed" nails are caused by nervousness or other ill health or by general debility, also

by old age and sometimes by too much friction in polishing the nails. They cannot be cured except where it is possible to remove the cause. Spotted nails also come from ill health, but often from small injuries to the nails. Injudicious use of steel instruments for cleaning will cause the nails to bear the ugly little white spots. These, too, must be cured by removing the cause. If the nails break easily, their brittleness may be reduced by frequent applications of white vaseline or cocoa butter or cold cream. Whatever unguent you use for your hands will benefit your nails.

Always file the nails when they are driest—that is, before washing or putting them in water. Never clean the nails or attempt to push back the cuticle around their base with anything made of metal. In any shop that carries toilet supplies you can buy for five cents an orange-wood stick made especially for manicure purposes that will last you, literally, years. One end of it is sharply pointed, and the other end is shaped rather like a horse's hoof and perfectly adapted to the gentle lifting of the cuticle away from the nail at its roots.

MANICURING

Every manicure establishment has its own method, but they are all very close akin, and if you go to any first-class one this is about what you get done:

First your manicure asks you how long you wish to wear your nails, and files one, on the little finger of the left hand, for a sample. If you indicate from that what length you desire she finishes filing, and after filing each nail runs her orange-wood stick, dipped in peroxide, under the nail for bleaching, and then repeats the process with powdered pumice stone for cleansing; while she is doing this on the right hand you have your left hand soaking in a basin of warm, soft, sudsy water. Good manicures do not let the hands soak too long, as it is easy to clip too much cuticle when it is so softened. When the nails on the right hand are filed, the manicure carefully dries the left hand and goes to work at the roots of the nails. Perhaps she anoints each with a little vaseline or cuticle cream, the chief property of which is that it soaks in very quickly, and then, working almost as carefully as if she were an oculist operating on an eye, she goes around the base of each nail, lifting up the cuticle which adheres to the nail and cutting as little of

it as possible, for cutting has a tendency to thicken it. If it is very rough about the edges she may use a tiny bit of powdered pumice stone, scrubbing it very, very carefully on with the point of her orange-wood stick. But she will almost certainly caution you against doing this yourself for fear you may rub too hard and injure the nail. Also, when her "lifting" process ruffles up little shreds of cuticle she is more likely to pull them loose with a tiny pair of pincers than to cut them with her scissors. These scissors, it may be said, are always so curved in the blades as to be specially adapted to getting close to the root of the nail and cutting away infinitesimal bits of cuticle; some manicures use as many as three pairs of slightly different curve and shape so as always to have the one shape that will get into a corner and cut least away. When the roots of the nails have been attended to, the "half-moons" so desired ought to show, but not all nails have these little "beauty spots," nor can any amount of cultivation coax them into prominence. Now the nails are shaped at the ends (and it may not be amiss to say that pointed nails are now considered atrocious and only oval ends are allowable) and trimmed at the base; next comes polishing, but before this begins you immerse your

right hand in the warm suds. Then your manicure touches each nail on the hand she's working on with the "least suspicion" of a red German paste that has no rivals that I have ever heard of; it comes in very small round white jars costing about a quarter, one of which will last the ordinary individual several years. This both tints and polishes the nails, but as it also stains and greases the buffers, everyone uses some sort of dry powder with it, as much for protection of their chamois skins as for acceleration in getting a polish. After touching each nail lightly with the red paste, she dips her buffer into her powder, or rubs on it a cake of some prepared chalk, and polishes the nails, rubbing one way only and never rubbing long enough to heat the nail by friction. Then the right hand is put through the same course, after which both hands are scrubbed very clean with a stiff brush and rinsed in clear, cool water. When they have been wiped very dry, the manicure goes over each finger a second time, looking for microscopic shreds of cuticle that have "roughed up" in the polishing and washing, or for little rags of nails that are left from the filing. This done, she polishes each nail once more with a clean buffer covered with soft white kid, and sprays the hands

with perfume from an atomizer. The result is undeniably pretty, and worth the half dollar it costs, if you can afford it. If you can't, or there is no first-class manicure (*never* go to a poor one, who may ruin your nails!) accessible, you may try for yourself so much of the professional process as you think you can manage. In your home manicure outfit, whether you go once a week or once a month to the professional manicure or whether you take all care of your nails yourself, you need the following equipment:

MANICURE EQUIPMENT

One pair of good manicure scissors, with small, curved blades, costing about eighty-five cents. Never have these sharpened by the ordinary scissors sharpener, but when they grow dull take them to the hardware store and ask to have them sent to some one who understands putting an edge on the curved blades.

One orange-wood stick, costing five cents.

One package containing a dozen little emery boards—in reality a substitute for sandpaper. These are invaluable in smoothing off the ragged nail after filing. A dozen of them cost but ten cents and will last a year or more.

One good, flexible nail file, which will cost about half a dollar. Do not get a stiff, thick file, for it is less wieldy, nor yet again one with a pointed end for cleaning nails, as a steel instrument under the nail is more than likely to injure it; use your stick for cleaning.

One two-ounce bottle of peroxide of hydrogen, costing ten cents.

One piece pumice stone and one ounce ground pumice, five cents each.

One box Harnisch's paste, twenty-five cents.

One box or cake of polishing powder, costing about twenty-five cents.

Two "buffers," one covered with chamois and one covered with white kid. The cost of these will depend on their size—from thirty-five cents each to a dollar, or much more if the tops be ivory or silver. But you need never replenish buffers. Get good ones to start with, and when the covering becomes soiled, look for the join in the little silk cord that runs around the top near the handle, pull the cord away, and pry into the ridge for a corner of the chamois or kid. When you have it, pull the whole cover away, cut one to match it from the top of an old glove or from a piece of chamois, poke the edges into the crevice, and readjust the

silk cord. You can do quite as good a job as you can hire done, and the cost will be nothing or next to nothing.

AMATEUR MANICURING

It is hardly to be expected that you will be able to do a professional job in caring for the cuticle on your right hand, for even the most expert manicures cannot do that for themselves, but you may be able to exchange services of the sort with some member of your family or your acquaintance. For the rest, however, one can manage very nicely and have really beautiful nails, though it takes time. A good plan is to see that the cuticle around the base of the nails gets thoroughly soaked in cold cream each time one uses it, and then, with the spatulate end of the orange-wood stick, to push gently back the fine, encroaching growth. If this is done regularly and carefully, little cutting of the cuticle will be necessary.

CARE OF THE FEET

If for any reason it should ever suddenly become the fashion to go barefoot it is to be feared a great majority of the present generation would seek retreat and concentrate all their energies on

training the new generation to appear in the world without foot covering. Nearly everyone's feet are misshapen, and the majority are disfigured, too. Some have their parents to thank for pedal deformity and suffering, but nearly everyone has himself, or, more properly, herself, to thank for a good measure of it.

HIGH HEELS

The other day, from the largest, most expensive, and most varied stock of shoes in this country, if not in the world, I was trying to buy a pair of slippers. The salesman brought me an almost endless assortment, each more bewitchingly dainty than the others, but all with exaggerated French heels. "Haven't you any pretty slippers without French heels?" I asked. "Only these," he said, returning with a pair of soft French kid, black, with toe and strap embroidered in jet beads, and with a low, substantial heel. "But I've had at least three pairs of those," I protested; "I've two pair at home now—one ready to discard and one ready to become 'second best.' I want something different for a change." "I'm sorry, madam, but we haven't anything different in a low heel, except what we call our 'old ladies' slipper'"—a hideous,

flat-footed thing which he showed me. "You don't mean to tell me there are no women with sense beyond the wearing of those heels?" I asked; "that there is no demand for any slipper between those 'stilts' and this 'raft'?" "Well, so little that we can't afford to cater to the trade," he said; "those who want pretty slippers without French heels have the heels changed—at a cost of seventy-five cents additional." "You know what those heels do to the feet," I said; "don't you ever try to persuade women that they're wrong?" "That isn't my business," he said, with a shrug. "I'm not here to give advice; I'm here to sell customers what they want, not what I think they ought to have. Take last summer, for instance: Every woman wanted pumps. I knew that pumps were uncomfortable to wear, that the effort to keep them on gave toe cramp, and that the wearing of them was making chiropodists rich and giving the doctors an oversupply of pneumonia cases, but if I had told that to any woman who came here to buy pumps she would simply have reported me as impudent, have asked for another clerk, and I would have been 'called down' or lost my job."

NEED OF PRETTY, SENSIBLE FOOTGEAR

This was true enough. What, then, I wondered, is to become of the average silly young thing left to the buying of her own footwear or accompanied by a no less silly mother? The salesman cannot advise her, the manufacturers have left her (in the matter of slippers at least) little choice, and to what other conclusion can the poor thing come than to the opinion that since "everybody" wears the high heels, she may as well wear them, too? How can one blame the poor thing if she doesn't know that there is a saving remnant of pretty women, charming women, women with whom she'd be proud to be classed, who love dainty footgear every whit as ardently as she, and are every whit as shy of the proffered "common-sense slipper," which looks like the lower half of a British gentleman's dress boot, but who wouldn't for anything in the world prance around on those French stilts, ruining their health and looking like members of a comic-opera chorus? It's always too bad, I think, when the young, or for other reasons uninformed, jump to the conclusion that there is no middle ground between attractive folly and frumpy "common sense." There is a middle ground, and

every day it is getting more and more populous, not with women who are straight-haired, strait-laced Puritans, sure that whatever is pretty is of the devil, but women whose esteem of the value of feminine daintiness and charm is second to none. By and by we shall make an impression on the manufacturer—those of us who love embroidered silken hose and beaded slippers and who esteem a natty, perfect-fitting shoe an essential expression of our ladyhood. But first we must win over, each of us, our share of the “French-heel brigade”; and we shall not accomplish this unless we show them that we are not dowdies because we refuse to deform our feet and sow the seeds of terrible suffering from misplaced organs. Thousands of good women are righteously opposed to French heels for themselves and for their daughters, but they don’t do the good they could do, because they go about with their own feet incased in ugly, ill-cared-for shoes. They are the same women, in many instances, who inveigh against French lingerie as one of the wiles of the Delilahs, yet wonder why virtue does not get its own reward for wearing coarse, ill-fitting undergarments, guiltless of lace and buttoned with china buttons. If there were absolutely not a soul of her own generation to

whom a woman owed the duty of being as charming as she could, she would owe it just the same to the generation that's rising all about her. How can she expect it to love wisdom rather than folly unless she who professes wisdom does her part to make it seem attractive? This may seem a far cry from the care of the feet, but it isn't, for there's hardly a household in the land so fortunate as to have young girls in it that isn't periodically plunged into the discussion of heels, and where the parental edict or plea against high or French heels isn't always supposed to emanate from the natural indifference of middle age to youth's desire to look charming. A girl who wants pretty footwear ought to be encouraged to the limit of her desire or her ability to afford it, so only she promises to stop short of any kind of footgear which endangers health.

TIGHT SHOES

French heels are not the only things to come under the ban of the wise. Another cause of much suffering is the height of imbecility expressed in the idea that shoes or slippers shorter or narrower than one ought to wear will make the foot look smaller. Nothing could be more obviously foolish,

for short shoes are the sure road to bunions and tight shoes are the sure road to corns, besides which a foot "spreading" over the edges of a shoe too small for it (as it will inevitably do) is one of the most hideous things imaginable. Furthermore, tight shoes always so mar the walk of the wearer as to be immediately obvious to all beholders. Who hasn't heard the comment passed on some silly girl hobbling by: "*Her shoes are a size too small, all right*"? Small feet are not especially esteemed in this country; proportionate feet are, but even if a foot be disproportionately large it can be made to look attractive in well-fitting shoes, and if the shoes fit and the wearer's gait is graceful her large foot will not be nearly so noticeable as if she limps around in a shoe too small. Women do not torture themselves with tight shoes to win each other's admiration. Everyone of us has gone home, at some time or other, with the girl whose new shoes were, as she expressed it, "nearly killing" her, and, once masculine society was left behind, have seen her wrench off those shoes almost before she took off her hat and get into a pair of shabby, "down-at-the-heel" slippers. No! It wasn't for *our* benefit she wore shoes too small for her. And yet, curiously enough, men are very unappre-

ciative of these tortures. The majority of men with sense, and even the majority of those whose distinguishing characteristic is *not* a high degree of good sense in most things, are opposed to high heels on principle and find subject only for laughter in a woman's attempts to make her feet look smaller than they really are. Time and time again I've heard young men—no! *not* spectacled college professors or sedate Sunday-school superintendents, but worldly, good-looking, "dashing" young men who set a probably quite exaggerated estimate on "looks" in their summary of the girl question—say that they were sure of *one* thing the future Mrs. So-and-so wouldn't do, and that was to wear high heels. And as for tight shoes, why, they always laugh quite frankly at the wearers. Who doesn't? Yet girls will do these things because they think men admire them. If you are that kind of a girl, ask some of the men you know and see what they say.

DANGERS OF COLD, WET FEET

Another thing in the matter of wearing slippers or shoes that does incalculable harm is foolhardiness in exchanging heavy shoes for thin in winter when one dons dressy clothes, or in going out in

the evening in slippers and thin stockings, even when one goes in a carriage, and standing around draughty doorways, with one's skirts gathered high out of dirt's way, while one waits for her carriage to be "called." A doctor in New York whose patients are chiefly among the rich and very well to do confessed that if women kept their feet warm his income would dwindle to half. In social circles where carriages are not the rule, many girls think nothing of dancing for hours in their "lace lisle" hose and paper-soled slippers, then, all overheated as they are, going home without putting any other covering on their feet. The lower down in the social scale you get, the wilder the chances you see taken. I shall never forget one fearful winter night, when the icy slush was ankle deep, seeing a number of girls of the factory-girl type come on board our car, bound, evidently, for some dance hall. Everyone of them wore slippers, and not even a rubber! A little higher up in the scale is my really quite intelligent cook, who spent so lavish a sum on a new winter suit that she had no money left to replenish her badly worn shoes. Rather than wear her shabby old shoes the first time she wore the too gorgeous new suit, she wore her low shoes, on snowy Christmas Eve—and

was threatened with pneumonia, of course, when I needed her most, during the holidays. None of you who read this book would do either of these things, but do be sure that you don't do nearly as bad. Do be careful, even in mild weather, how you run out in your slippers. And do be careful evenings. A pair of carriage shoes to wear over your slippers is not the luxury now that it used to be. Nearly all good shops sell a thoroughly serviceable article, made of black corduroy, lined with thick gray felt and trimmed with black fur, for the very low price of two dollars and a half, and they last a lifetime. Two dollars and a half won't go far toward curing a case of pneumonia, but it will go a long way toward preventing a hundred cases.

CORNS, BUNIONS, ETC.

If in the past, however, you have been so misguided as to incur bunions, corns, chilblains, ingrowing nails, or other ills the flesh is heir to, here are a few simple remedies you may safely try. The wiser course, however, if you have serious trouble with your feet, is to consult a good, reputable specialist in the care of the feet. The ounce of prevention is the safest home cure; others are

likely to do more harm than good, like other kinds of self-doctoring. Some people manage it perfectly, but the majority go far wrong, and make up the army of dupes who support patent medicines, fakers, and the like.

Corns are a bit of cuticle or epidermis made callous by pressure. They are of three kinds, what we ordinarily call callous spots, soft corns, and those cone-shaped growths most common on the small toes which we call just "corns." These latter are apt to give us most pain as they are so situated as to receive whatever pressure the shoe makes on the foot. Sometimes they are not dangerous, except as we may do ourselves injury in trying to remove them. But a very small toe corn is quite capable of making a great deal of trouble, not mere pain alone, but of developing serious inflammation at the roots and setting up all the opportunities for blood poisoning. The chief thing in seeking relief from the pain of a corn is to relieve it of pressure. For this purpose a perforated corn plaster, or any substitute which has some thickness and a hole in the center, is excellent. This does not cure, however. The only cure is to soften the corn by soaking in hot water or by the application of collodion and salicylic acid (see Warts, page 114)

and to shave off as much as possible of the softened callous skin. Be very careful never to apply to a corn any knife, razor, or other instrument that is not perfectly clean, and never to put to other use, without thorough cleansing, any instrument with which a corn has been pared. Thorough cleansing means, really, boiling for ten minutes, though some people compromise on an immersion in carbolic acid. Soft corns between the toes may often be cured by keeping them covered with absorbent cotton, either sprinkled with powdered alum, soaked in turpentine, or quite clean and void of anything. Callous spots may be sandpapered smooth, then treated to a massage of cocoa butter, or they may have an application of the collodion and salicylic acid. Cocoa butter, by the way, is a fine thing for the feet at all times. It comes in cakes resembling a creamy-colored toilet soap, and melts slowly under the warmth of the applying hand. It is a beautifier to the skin that has no ailment, and a healer to fissures caused by acrid perspiration. After, say, two of your daily baths each week, treat your feet to a five minutes' rubbing with cocoa butter and see if it is not well worth the trouble and the infinitesimal expense.

Bunions are the result of great pressure and

friction on the joint, usually that of the great toe. They come from any ill-fitting but particularly from a too short shoe. A mixture of equal parts of glycerin, carbolic acid, and tincture of iodine, applied with a camel's-hair brush every day, will sometimes effect a cure if the cause be not reverted to. But of course nothing will cure a woman who keeps on wearing the offending shoes. Chilblains are a result of defective circulation, and usually afflict those who are chronic sufferers with cold feet. These persons nearly always err by trying to keep their feet too warm. They sleep with a hot-water bottle at their feet, sit with their feet almost in the fire, wear thick woolen stockings, and do like things, all of which make their feet excessively tender and susceptible. To cure chilblains the whole circulatory system must be invigorated and the sufferer must refrain from those warming indulgences above referred to. Instead, warm up by exercise, by vigorous rubbing of the feet, and by proper diet. Suffering from chilblains should be relieved by rubbing the affected parts with snow or putting on ice-cold applications. Tincture of iodine, tincture of the chloride of iron, and tincture of camphor are all soothing and healing. Woolen stockings should be avoided.

PERSPIRING FEET

Perspiration of the feet, sometimes accompanied by an offensive odor, annoys many. Frequent bathing ought to correct this appreciably. Occasional foot baths in mustard water are said to help. A powder made of sixty grams of talcum, forty-five grams of subnitrate of bismuth, thirteen grams of permanganate of potash, and two grams of salicylate of soda, applied after washing, is sure to help.

Twice a day is not too often to give the feet a thorough bath, rubbing them quite briskly to remove the dead cuticle, and feeling carefully between the toes to remove the accumulation of dead skin which is so excessive in those perspiration pockets. An occasional rubbing of the feet with pure alcohol or any good cologne, of which alcohol is the basis, will wonderfully refresh them. If the feet have been wet or chilled, nothing could be better for them than a very vigorous alcohol rub.

RUBBERS AND STOCKINGS

There is so much to be said about the care of those useful members, the feet, that it is difficult to know where to stop. Certainly one ought not

to stop without a word of caution about the wearing of rubbers. As between getting wet feet and wearing rubbers, rubbers are easily the lesser evil, but they are only a lesser evil at best. Try never to wear them when you can avoid it; some women wear rubbers the whole winter through, on crisp, cold days as well as on slushy ones. Rubber is impervious to the natural dampness within as well as to the wet without, and therefore the perspiration of the feet has no escape, as it has through porous leather. The thing to do with rubbers is to wear them, always, when you ought to, and to take them off the minute you can.

Be careful about the dye in stockings; be sure it is "fast" and that it does not contain injurious poisons. And remember that short stockings are nearly as productive of evils as too short shoes. Persons who wear woolen stockings in winter are much more liable to distresses of the feet than those who wear cotton or silk.

We shall say something about the care of shoes and kindred things in one of the chapters on dress.

CHAPTER VII

CARE OF THE MOUTH AND TEETH, AND OF THE EYES, NOSE, AND EARS

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the all-expressiveness of the eye, but when all's said and done, it is not to be compared with the expressiveness of the mouth. Ordinarily, the eye expresses the mood of the moment, while the mouth expresses the habit of years. Sometimes habit settles in an eye, and out of it looks a settled shiftiness or sullenness or daring (criminals and courtesans and certain other folk are said to be readily recognizable by those versed in their ways, by the look in their eyes), and now and then a mouth has such mobility (as in the case of some celebrated histrions) that it cannot be said to indicate anything in particular beyond the very evident fact that it is the mouth of a natural mimic and can be made to assume any expression at will. Generally, however, as has been said, the mouth is the most readable record of

one's years. An eye that has twinkled with merriment one moment may flash with terrible anger the next and glow with tenderness a moment later, but a mouth that has been habitually querulous for fifteen years cannot suddenly become sweet, and lips that have a habit of shutting with the thin determination of the bigot cannot learn to open in a frank, free smile. The mouth speaketh—often without opening.

Racial and family and personal peculiarities are apparent in the mouths of many people from birth, or from earliest years, but they do not disprove my statement. Marie Antoinette had the full lower lip of the Hapsburgs, but one has only to compare her portraits, especially the later ones, with those of other Hapsburgs to see how fully her difference from the others, as well as her likeness to them, was revealed in her mouth. Her Hapsburg lip gave everyone a clew as to what her inheritance was, and the set of her upper lip told what manner of fight this daughter of the Austrian emperors had waged with her fate and her heredity. There are two distinct types of mouth that certainly bespeak Irish blood, but both types are susceptible of wide variations in varying personalities, and if neither of them could be made

by any stress of circumstance to look like the mouth of Dante or that of Savonarola, neither, in all likelihood, could any possible circumstance develop the owners into a Savonarola type. Our mouths express our limitations as well as the struggle we have made with and against the tide of our destiny.

Things that tend to injure the shape of the mouth are almost as many as those that tend to make its expression. The "baby comforters" that ignorant mothers give their children to suck not only produce abundant colic but deform the mouth. Breathing through the mouth and sleeping with the mouth open tend to make the mouth unwholesome and ugly. Missing or malformed teeth spoil the shape of the mouth. Gum chewing (which will be a penal offense some day when we have become more civilized) will make any mouth hideous. In the matter of expression the recipe for beauty is easily given: every pretty look counts for prettiness, every ugly look for ugliness. This isn't sentiment; this is simple, physiological fact. Muscles, we know, are very susceptible of training; after they have done a thing a certain number of times they incline to do it all the time. And skin, though it is very elastic in extreme youth, tends

to become less so as the years go by and to keep the shape into which it is most habitually drawn. Women of a bygone day used to say "Prunes" or "Prisms" before entering a parlor, so their mouths would look primly pretty. But we know perfectly well that if they more habitually said "Scat!" the look of the snarl was unmistakably there.

Don't be ashamed of your mouth if it is big; big mouths usually belong to big-hearted, whole-souled people, and the only trouble about having one is that you feel obliged to live up to it. If you have a mouth like a button mushroom, nobody expects anything from you, mentally or spiritually, of a more than tupenny order.

WHOLESOME MOUTHS

The only thing to be ashamed of about your mouth, whatever kind it is or however little it suits you, is the ugliness it has because of your neglect to keep it wholesome and your failure to make its expression pleasing. An unwholesome mouth would discount all the beauty of other features that could possibly be assembled in one countenance. There is no way to keep the mouth sweet if the general health is not good. As we said elsewhere in this little book, everybody knows that

the first thing a doctor always asks is to see the patient's tongue, for disorders manifest themselves there unfailingly and with marvelous promptness. If digestion is impaired, if there is fever in the blood from constipation, if bile threatens the liver, the mouth cannot possibly be sweet, and no washes or "breath tablets" can make it so. Good habits of the digestive apparatus (including the eliminative operations of the bowels) and good teeth are positively essential to a wholesome mouth.

If the mouth is not wholesome, if the tongue is furry and the breath unpleasant, and fever sores form on the lips, one must learn the cause and remove it. If you are bilious, you must stir up your liver to throw off the bile; if you are constipated, you must attend with scrupulous care to the removal of all decaying waste from your body; if your teeth are bad, you must have them taken out or filled.

MOUTH BREATHING

If your mouth is in good order you can keep it so by keeping your health good, by being careful what you eat, and by remembering never to breathe through the mouth. If you have ever wakened in the morning with your mouth dry and

unpleasant, you may be reasonably certain that you were sleeping with it open. You know how excess of air tends to dry up anything; well, the mouth was never intended for such wholesale airing as you give it when you use it for breathing purposes, and the air you suck in dries out the saliva and gradually reduces the supply. Besides, disease germs enter the body more readily by the mouth than by the nose, with its barricade of fine hair strainers, and the influx of cold air into the lungs brings on many varieties of the afflictions known as "colds." When we breathe through the nose we take in at one time only so much cold air as we are able to warm to proper temperature before it reaches the lungs. The nose is wonderfully constructed for this purpose.

CARE OF TEETH AND GUMS

The last thing before going to bed at night give your teeth a very thorough washing in tepid or cold water, brushing away from the crevices between them all particles of food which may lodge there and decay. Then rinse the mouth out with some pleasant antiseptic wash, like listerine, and take a good big drink of pure water. In the morning on arising, repeat the performance backward,

drinking the water first, then using the wash, then scrubbing the teeth vigorously. It is well to use as stiff a brush as you can without positive discomfort, as the friction is excellent for the gums. A woman I know was threatened with the loss of all her beautiful teeth. She went to one dentist after another, and all told her that something was wrong with her gums and nothing could be done to keep her perfect teeth from dropping out. Finally, in desperation, she tried one more dentist, and he told her to buy a very stiff toothbrush and brush her gums until they bled freely, five or six times a day. She did this, using nothing but cold water and the stiff brush, and in a little while her gums were in as perfect condition as they had ever been. I remember asking my canny old dentist once if he recommended any particular dentifrice. "Yes, cold water," was his reply. Undoubtedly, cold or cool water and vigorous brushing are enough for the perfect cleansing of any teeth (except for the occasional need of using dental floss for removing an obstinate bit of food from between the teeth), but if anyone likes an agreeable powder of precipitated chalk, flavored with wintergreen, there is no harm in it. Anything which has bleaching chemicals in it, however, should be avoided.



A POSITION THAT INDUCES SNORING.



A HEALTHFUL POSITION IN SLEEPING.

The way to have the teeth whitened is to get one's dentist to do it. It takes but a few minutes, and the cost is slight. The teeth should be examined for signs of decay at least twice a year, and fillings made before the cavities have attained any size. And if tartar forms on the teeth it is far better to go to the dentist and have him remove it than to experiment with any pastes or lotions which claim to do the work.

CHAPPED LIPS

Many women suffer more or less chronic disfigurement from chapped lips. These may come from a feverish condition of the stomach, but they are more likely to be the result of a very unpleasant, nervous habit that many girls and women have of continually wetting their lips with their tongue. If you have ever sat opposite a woman given to this unlovely trick, and watched her antics with her tongue, you must have wondered whether she thought the antics charming or whether she didn't know any better, or what. The only occasion on which a tongue has any business outside of the mouth it belongs to is when the doctor asks to have it stuck out. Otherwise, it should be behind the teeth, where nature intended it to be.

Any good cold cream rubbed into the chapped lips will help them, but it often takes a good deal of time and of cream to correct abuse to these most sensitive members. On the flexibility of the lips depends a great part of the possible beauty of the mouth, and every care should be taken to keep them soft so that they may readily respond to sweet expression. Carmine or any other tinted lip salve is likely to coarsen the texture of the lips. Nature will supply her own carmine if you give her half a chance.

CARE OF THE EYES

There is an old saying that one should never rub the eye with anything but the elbow. Perhaps this general direction might be expanded, in the same spirit, to read: Nothing should be done to the eye except with the elbow. As a matter of fact, the eye will do for itself a great deal of what is necessary for its own good, and when it shows its inability to keep on doing this it is time to see an expert oculist or eye specialist—not an optician who sells you spectacles at random, more or less, by having you read a card with big and little print on it, but a physician who has made a searching study of the eye—and not to experiment on your

own ignorant account with the most delicate mechanism in the world. Never, in any circumstances, put any "eye drops" or other proprietary preparations in your eyes unless on the orders of your physician. It is to be taken for granted that no one who reads this book will need to be warned against the incredibly idiotic practice, not now so common by far as it used to be, of putting belladonna or other drugs in the eyes to make them brilliant by dilating the pupils. Anything so used will inevitably injure the eyes beyond possibility of repair; and, indeed, one thinks blindness only a fair reward for any woman so foolish as to tamper with that most precious thing, her sight. But it may not be out of order to urge readers of these little chapters not to attempt curative any more than beautifying methods of their own. I would no more put one drop of anything I saw advertised, or had recommended to me by a friend, into my eyes than I would put my right hand into the fire and trust to luck that it wouldn't burn.

EYE STRAIN

Almost as bad as deliberately ruining one's eyes by putting unknown concoctions in them are the things all, or nearly all, of us do daily to strain

our eyes; but this being not a medical book, and the subject of eye strain being a vast one, I cannot enter upon it here. We all know that we ought not to read in an insufficient or by a wavering light, that reading in bed, unless we sit up to it, is a very bad thing for the eyes, and that spotted veils make oculists rich, yet how cheerfully we go on doing those things we know we ought not to do. What can we do for our eyes is little, but we can save them a very great deal if we will.

TO REMOVE DUST OR CINDERS

Tears are a wonderful provision and will of themselves unaided do much of the remedial work that the eyes demand. If you get any foreign substance in your eye, remember on no account to touch the eye, however it may pain you, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the abundant tears will wash the irritating grain away. If you touch your eyeball you are more than likely to imbed the dust or cinder in it and necessitate a visit to an oculist. If tears do not remove the foreign body slip a whole flaxseed under the lower lid and let it slide around over the eyeball. The moisture of the eye will form a gelatinous surface on the seed which causes it not only to move around in

the eye without irritating it, but also provides a sticky surface whereon to snare the offending cinder or whatever it may be. I have for years carried a tiny paper packet with a score or so of flaxseed (a hundred of them can be bought for a penny) in my purse, and many and many a sufferer has thanked me for their aid.

THE EYELASHES

There is a prevalent impression that eyelashes can be made long and curling by clipping. I have known women who clipped their infants' lashes and the infants grew into youths with "beautiful, long lashes," but whether the clipping did it or whether the children were inclined that way and the clipping didn't happen to harm their natural inclination, I'm not prepared to say. I also know a girl who, when she was sixteen or thereabout, clipped her eyelashes and shaved her thin eyebrows in the hope of stimulating more luxuriant growths—and to this day, when she's twice sixteen, she hasn't been able to perceive any promise of the desired brows or lashes. She is so remarkable-looking with this conspicuous absence that I think no one who has seen her will ever feel moved to experiment in like fashion. If eyebrows are so

very thick as seriously to impair beauty, part of the hair in them may be removed by electrolysis; but never, for this or other superfluous hair, use any prepared depilatory, as these are all dangerous and almost certain to ruin the healthy skin in the neighborhood of the experiment. Attempts to darken the brows and lashes artificially are ill-advised. The artifice is always obvious and is seldom becoming, except on the stage under trying stage lighting, which reduces natural tones and delicate lines to pallid nothingness. For the drawing-room or street penciled eyebrows and lashes are more likely to be ludicrous than to be lovely. Some fastidious women use an eyebrow brush like a tiny toothbrush and make their brows lie straight, which tends to make them look more delicate. And some, as a final touch in making their toilet, dip a finger in perfume and with it rub the brows smooth. These are pretty little vanities that no one can reprehend. Bathing the eyes, when they are very tired, in warm or hot water is also a safe practice and often very refreshing. But beyond these very simple things it is not safe to go.

DISORDERS OF THE EYES

If anything is the matter with the eyes it is quite as likely to be a sign of trouble with the system in general or with some special organ as to be a local disturbance, and the thing to do, as has been said, is to see your physician. Dark rings under the eyes or puffiness of the flesh under them indicate impaired circulation or some disorder of the circulatory system, and are occasion for medical advice, not for "beauty doctoring." Cross-eyes can often be cured by a good oculist, but the cure requires an operation, and nothing can be done for them without this.

THE NOSE

The bones of the nose are very cartilaginous in childhood, and a good deal can be done by a mother to correct an undesirable shape in the nose of her offspring, just as persistent rubbing will often straighten the crookedest of bowlegs, if they are very young legs and the bones are not yet hardened. If, however, you are a mature person and your nose does not suit you, you had best leave it alone. If you have the misfortune to lose it altogether you can have a false structure built on

your face and have skin grafted to grow over it; but this is a great trouble and expense, and must, I should think, be attended with some feelings of uncertainty, so that almost any kind of a real nose would seem preferable to the most Grecian kind of a made one. Some fakers who advertise extensively claim to make you any kind of a nose you want, but it is needless to say their claims are never made good, though the patients always pay. A red nose comes from impaired or impeded circulation, from erysipelas, and from alcoholism. Tight gloves, corsets, or other wearing apparel will tend to make a red nose. Indigestion will often cause one. Like most other detriments to beauty, the red nose is curable only by finding out which of several causes to ascribe it to, and by removing the cause. A shiny or oily nose may be made to look a little better by frequent bathing in some good cologne or in alcohol, and by dusting with talcum powder. If the pores of the nose are too large for beauty, reduce them with diluted tincture of benzoin in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint of warm water.

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THE EARS

A mother can do a great deal to mar her children's ears by allowing them to sleep on a "rumped" ear, by tying their caps on over ears that have not been properly pushed back close to the head, and so forth. Attention to details of this sort in infancy and childhood will certainly save a child many of the possible disfigurements to which the ear is liable by abuse. If, however, childhood is past, and the ears protrude or are otherwise ugly, there's little or nothing to be done about it. Ears, like eyes, ought to be let alone very conscientiously. Most people poke too freely in their ears. The ears should be kept scrupulously clean, but nothing harder than a towel and one's finger should go into them. Don't use home remedies for earache if they involve putting anything into the ear. So far as putting the ear close to hot flannel goes, or applying a bag of heated hops or salt, you may do that safely, and usually with good effect. But some persons have an idea that sweet oil should be dropped into the ear when it aches, and nothing could possibly be worse than this.

CHAPTER VIII

FATNESS AND THINNESS

NEARLY if not quite every woman in the world considers herself either too fat or too thin. The unsatisfactoriness of her condition may be general or localized—it may be only her neck that is too scrawny or only her hips that are too large—but it's bound to exist in some degree, so that any article dealing with the matter of flesh, how to put it on and how to take it off, is sure of just about as many readers as there are women folk where it circulates.

Two girls were overheard the other day discussing the relative merits of being fat and thin.

“You look so lovely in low-necked gowns and elbow sleeves!” sighed the thin girl, eyeing enviously the pretty, rounded arms and soft, plump neck of the fat girl, and thinking rebelliously of her own “saltcellars” and fleshless arms.

“Yes,” admitted the fat girl, “but we don't wear evening dress all the time, nor even most of

the time, and when it comes to regular clothes your 'slender grace' has my rotund shape completely put to shame."

"No one wears anything but elbow sleeves now," mourned the thin girl, "and my arms are such frights I can't."

"It's only a passing fashion," consoled the fat girl, "but nearly all the fashions, take it year in and year out, are for thin people. The fashion plates take no account of you if your waist is over nineteen inches."

"Yes, but they expect you to have a nineteen-inch waist and a thirty-eight-inch bust and just hips enough to make your skirts set prettily, and slender hands with plump arms, and a swanlike throat, with a chest that hasn't a bone showing. And who has all these things, I'd like to know? If you wear a twelve-inch collar your chest is bound to be bony and your bust flat and your arms like sticks. And if you have dimpled elbows and a boneless neck, you're almost certain to have a double chin!"

This was so true as to be quite unanswerable. Yet, though every woman knows as much, every woman goes on trying to be small in the waist and large in the chest, to dispose her layers of fat according to her own tastes or the prevailing fash-

ion, and though not much comes of any of this effort, we all like to read further directions about its application. One reason why we like to keep on reading such articles, instead of practicing the ones we've already read, is because the things we're told to do to get fatter or thinner are almost always the very things we like least to do. Indeed, it is because we so dislike to do them, perhaps, that we originally became fat or thin. So we're keen to read new articles to see if, by any chance, the specifics recommended in them won't be more agreeable to our tastes. But somehow they never are.

"CURES"

Another word about advertised "cures." Advertising media are full of the crying of "flesh foods" and "obesity reducers" and the like, and everyone of them is a fake and dangerous. "Get thin," some read, "no starving, no exercise. Take four bottles of our remedy and see forty pounds of too, too solid flesh disappear." Or, "Why not have a beautiful neck and lovely arms? Our flesh food will do it for you." It ought to stand to reason in any mind of ordinary intelligence that a "dissolvent" which would cause forty pounds of flesh to disappear would probably cause the com-

plete and final disappearance of the credulous victim with it. No doubt if the relatives of some one who died of this "remedy" were to sue the manufacturers, they would retort, "Well, the flesh disappeared, didn't it?"

HEREDITARY TENDENCIES

Fatness and thinness are the result partly of hereditary tendencies to fleshiness or the opposite, and partly of developed tendencies of our own. A very nervous, active woman who is continually "flying into fits" over trifles and bustling about, taking fidgety, unnecessary steps, who sleeps poorly and drinks lots of strong tea and habitually rejects fat from her foods—shuddering at the thought of salad oil and shaving the last shred of firm white fat from her slice of cold boiled ham—could not be fattened by all the flesh food that ever was manufactured, nor is she likely to take on flesh in any of the possible ways—by giving over fussiness, cultivating sleepiness, and eating fats and drinking milk and doing like things. Whether her nerves are inherited or cultivated, or both, they're the cause of her lean condition, and she needn't hope to remedy it short of making herself all over. If Heaven should condescend to a mir-

acle and put thirty pounds of good flesh on her while she slept, she'd fret it all off again in the very fear of losing it! Her own sister may represent the opposite tendency. With a placid mind, disinclined to unnecessary flurry and easily wooed by sleep, the woman of flesh takes no steps she can avoid, not even for exercise, prefers a rocking chair and a fireside to a dash over to the neighbor's after supper, likes her big plate of oatmeal in the morning fairly swamped in thick cream, and is known to carry sugar lumps in the pocket of her work apron. Everything in her disposition and her lot in life tends to make her fat and to keep her fat. If she worries about anything at all it's about being fat, but she doesn't worry about that enough to make her take strenuous exercise and give up part of her sleep and forego certain foods she loves, so she often becomes an easy victim to bottled stuff advertised to make her willowy without a bit of effort or renunciation. Thin women will undertake almost anything to be plump, but they undertake everything so violently that they defeat their own purpose. Fat women are seldom willing to make great effort to be thin; they are looking for an easy way, and as easy ways do not exist, they go on comfortably getting fatter.

REMEDIES FOR FATNESS

Now, there isn't much that can be done to increase or reduce flesh unless one is willing to go great lengths for her desire, and even to incur considerable risks. If the main business of life be to attain a certain fatness or thinness it can sometimes be attained. But putting on or taking off any considerable amount of flesh at will in the course of the ordinary routine of a busy life is seldom practicable. Severe dieting, for instance, is something no one ought to undertake without the advice of her physician, for silly women in no small numbers have starved themselves into chronic stomach disorders in a vain attempt to lose a little flesh. Neither ought violent exercise to be indulged in without reasonable certainty that the heart will stand it. A brilliant, beautiful girl I know of dropped dead in her college gymnasium after her first game of basket ball. Most colleges do not permit young women students to engage in any kind of athletics until they have been examined by the medical director and pronounced fit for that degree of exercise. So be careful, not only what liberties you take with your stomach in your pursuit of your ideal figure, but what physical cul-

ture you undertake on general direction. It is so positively dangerous to lay down any general rules which may be followed by women who ought never to follow them, that I hardly know what is safe to say on this subject and what I dare suggest that may not do anyone harm. After a deal of anxious pondering I have concluded that I may (I hope) offer a few general principles to you which shall help you, not to become willowy, if you weigh two hundred, or to become dimpled, if you are "skin and bone," but to improve a little on present conditions and perhaps guard against accentuating them.

Aside from inherited tendency, the things which affect fatness and thinness are mainly four: diet, exercise, sleep, and equanimity or poise or whatever we may choose to call those habits which make one person fussy and another stodgy and still others all the range of difference between. Let us discuss first the fat woman, then the thin woman, in relation to each of those things.

DIETS

Many doctors have prescribed many diets for the reduction of fat, but no prescription of them all holds good universally. One person's fat will

yield readily to a treatment before which another's adipose tissue will remain defiantly obvious. But the main principles of fat-reducing diets are few, and the same in all or nearly all cases. Articles to be excluded from the diet are: sweets, starches, fats, all fluids with meals, and all stimulants, regardless of exception. This means no cereal, with cream or without it, in the morning, no coffee, no biscuits or griddle cakes or potatoes. The morning meal (if there is one; some "reducing" authorities advocate the no-breakfast plan, which seems right enough for some people and wholly wrong for others) must consist of some fruit, preferably tart, a broiled lamb chop or a couple of soft-boiled eggs or a little bit of grilled fish, and some thoroughly toasted bread. For luncheon and dinner one may have any kind of lean meat, as well as poultry, game, and fish, but no potatoes, rice, or other starchy vegetable; no sweet or farinaceous dessert; no soups, no cream; nothing, of course, to drink. Drinking must be done between meals. Some very rigid prescriptions allow only hot water with a little lemon juice for liquid, to be taken not less than two hours after a meal. Other authorities, quite as good, however, say that copious draughts of good, clear, cold water are necessary to health

and do not retard the reduction of fat if they are taken between meals. There is no doubt that, whether we are "reducing" or not, nearly all of us drink too much cold water with our meals and not enough cold water, all told, the twenty-four hours through. A very little experimenting will prove to anyone that water-drinking habits can be easily regulated. Some children cry for water once or twice every night; others never think of such a thing. It is a matter of habit. If you get yourself out of the way of drinking water at mealtime and into the habit of taking a big drink of cold water on rising, before retiring, and once midway between each two meals, you will find that your digestion is better, your bowels and kidneys are benefited, and your whole state of health is improved.

REASON IN DIETING

Fat comes from food which instead of being burned up in energy remains to augment the tissues. Some people burn every ounce of fat off their poor bones; others keep on eating and luxuriating and let it accumulate. One important thing in dieting for the reduction of superfluous fat is not to overeat. Eat enough; it never pays to go hungry; but experiment awhile to see how little

is enough, instead of cramming to see how much you can eat and not feel gorged. Perhaps you have always eaten two chops at a meal; try eating one, and see if it will not keep you sustained. It may be that one is all you need to sustain you, all you can burn up in energy, and the other just adds itself to your bulk. The situation becomes very simple when we remember that every ounce of food we take in must either be "worked off" in energy or eliminated as waste or piled up in the shape of tissue—usually around the waist or in some other equally undesirable locality. It may be asking too much to ask anyone to distinguish between the headache that comes from an overloaded stomach and indigestion, and the headache that comes from a hungry stomach crying for more employment, but some people can do this—indeed, many people differentiate between "heaviness" and "faintness." If you can do this you are fortunate, for then you can read the danger signals which tell you whether you have overeaten or undereaten. Perhaps at the very time you try one chop instead of two you also double your amount of exercise, and come in from an unusually long walk quite exhausted. It is because so many persons do things like this that it is almost or altogether dangerous to give any gen-

eral directions about diet. Women in particular are prone to overdo a thing in their first zeal, and then to lapse from all zeal entirely. The thing to do is, if you can take a double amount of exercise, to fortify for it by a good supply of fuel for energy. If you know that for some reason you won't be able to exercise as much as you should, don't fill the furnace with fuel that you do not need. You know how differently you "fire up" your real furnace on a morning when you foresee a warm, muggy day and a morning when you foresee a drop to zero. Yet most people eat about the same amount irrespective of whether they will probably work hard or sit idle during the ensuing four or five hours. When you have learned to forecast your probable activity between meal and meal, and to apportion your eating to suit it, you have learned a great deal that is of vital importance not only in the cure of obesity but in the maintenance of good health generally.

EXERCISE, BATHING, AND SLEEP

Know as much as you can about the condition of your heart before you undertake any unusual exercise. Don't mistake every odd feeling arising from a gorged stomach for "heart disease"; lots

of people think they have heart trouble who have nothing but indigestion—though that's enough to have, dear knows! A full stomach will make very much the same kind of protest against violent action that a weak heart will, or it will seem the same to the inexperienced sufferer. If, however, you cannot, say two hours after eating a good meal, exert yourself muscularly without bringing on palpitation or other trouble, you may well question if your heart be not affected, and feel that you owe it to yourself to have it examined by a specialist or a good general practitioner. A good deal of fat, however, may be laid off without any strenuousness that taxes a weak heart. The main thing is to shake yourself out of sluggishness. Move briskly when you move, cultivate the habit of quick, decisive, instead of lagging, steps and actions. When you take your bath, don't lie luxuriously in the warm water, but scrub vigorously all the time; get out as soon as you are scrubbed and rinsed and dry yourself, not by wrapping in soft towels, but by brisk rubbing with a Turkish bath towel. Get up when you wake, instead of lying awhile to think about it. All these things help.

Practically any kind of exercise is of value in reducing flesh. Remember that energy consumes,

and that consumption of fuel (or food) needs abundant air. Activity in the open is the highroad to health. Walking is *par excellence* the obesity cure, but so is any other form of energy which provides an outlet for the food we have eaten and keeps any undue amount of it from accumulating as tissue. Work in a gymnasium, under a good physical director, if you can. If you can't, you must make up for the lack in additional activity about the house and outdoors. Choose the sweeping for your portion; demand the running up and down of stairs; always, wherever there is a choice between standing and going, between activity and inactivity, choose to be active, and let the thin member of the household, who yearns to be fat, restrain her too abundant energy.

Don't sleep too much. If you have been sleeping nine hours, cut it to eight, and if eight has kept you fat, try seven and see if it will not help you to be slim. And take off the hour in the morning instead of at night; it will do twice as much good subtracted from the morning nap as from the hours of beauty sleep. And that morning hour will give you all the time for bathing, manicuring, hair-brushing, and like et ceteras you should need to keep beautifully groomed.

About that fourth element, that equanimity or poise, it is not to be desired that you should lose it, but only that you should take care it does not approach stolidness, indifference. Some people are good-natured because they are too lazy to be anything else; it takes a lot of energy to be passionate. Now, it is more comfortable for the community at large if you are good-natured, whatever the reason, but it isn't always better for them any more than it is for you. Sluggishness is more than apt to breed slothfulness, and this ends in dependence—material and mental and spiritual. If you don't want to be a fat parasite, keep as keen as you can without acquiring that "edge" to your nerves which makes you uncomfortable to yourself and uncomfortable to have around. Take an eager interest in things; don't let fatty inertia keep you from participating in amusements and good works. An animated, lively mind is almost certain to stimulate the body to energy. So without getting "fussy," be as full of vivid interests as you can hold.

DIET FOR THINNESS

If you are thin and want to be fat you must nearly but not entirely reverse the above directions. It may not be that you need to eat more, but that

you need to digest better what you eat and that you need to exercise more care about the quality if not about the quantity of your food. Eat foods that build tissue; eat plenty of butter and such other fats as you can relish; drink milk and cream and cocoa; eat cereals and potatoes and desserts made of farina and tapioca and rice; eat soups and honey and nuts; eat bananas and all the bread you want, and peas, beans, figs, dates, carrots, parsnips, fresh eggs, underdone beefsteak and roast beef. Avoid food that will not digest easily, and be careful to masticate thoroughly what you do eat. Give up pickles and vinegar and other strong acids. Cultivate a taste for hot milk, plain or malted or with the addition of cocoa.

EXERCISE

In the matter of exercise, try to discriminate between the fussy energy which interferes with digestion and assimilation and the healthy energy which assists it. Restless, nervous "puttering" may consume as many steps as a walk in the open air, but it keeps food from rendering service instead of helping it. Many persons are thin because they do not digest their food, but eliminate it from their bodies without having taken from it due



TO WIDEN A THIN CHEST WITH AN "EXERCISER."



TO BROADEN AND DEVELOP ARMS, NECK, AND SHOULDERS.

nourishment. Worry, fear, melancholy, all distresses of the mind, are inimical to digestion. If you are a thin woman and a worrier, you must stop worrying and give your food a chance to do you good. Other persons are thin because they burn up in useless energy all the tissue that should stay on their bones for adornment. If you are this kind of a thin person, you must learn to discriminate between necessary and unnecessary steps, between the exercise which you absolutely need to keep you in health and the thousand and one little expenditures of energy you make on things that are of no account, or that are, when you come to think of it, none of your business. Stop dashing up and down stairs forty times a day on futile errands; "make your head save your heels"; and invest one-fourth of the energy you used to waste, in outdoor exercise of some kind, not too violent. Warmth and sunshine are nature's tonics for the thin. Corrective exercises for developing certain parts of the body or reducing others or equalizing inequalities are simply not to be learned by reading print, nor yet by seeing pictures. Nor is one girl or woman in ten thousand in the least likely to do them at home by herself, following book directions. I have known several who made a feeble attempt,

then gave it up. I have never known one who persevered in corrective exercises at home. The gymnasium is the place to learn these things and to practice them, and in these days, when scientific physical culture is a fad, there are few girls who cannot have access to a gymnasium on the payment of a small fee for the privilege of joining a class, and the exercise of a moderate amount of determination in attending it.

SLEEP AND PEACEFULNESS

If you are thin, try sleeping more. If you have eaten a dinner or supper of wholesome, well-cooked, appetizing food and have taken a proper amount of outdoor exercise during the day and have spent the evening in some pleasant, not too stressful way, you ought to be able to sleep nine or ten hours and rise beautifully refreshed. Try taking a cup of hot milk before retiring and see if you do not find it soothing. Learn to luxuriate; practice indulging yourself in those little lazinesses your fat sister ought to avoid.

Above all, or almost above all, be calm. Remind yourself that

“God’s in his heaven,
All’s right with the world!”

You are not Atlas; the world's not on your shoulders; One stronger than you is bearing it up. Worry is the most senseless form in which energy can be expended; you can neither avert harm by worrying, nor cure it by worrying. Be trustful; be forbearing; be satisfied to let everyone work out his salvation in his own way—it's probably just as good a way as yours, did you but know it. Don't grow stodgy, but grow serene if you can. This isn't preaching; this is the best wisdom the world's beauty doctors have to offer.

CHAPTER IX

HEALTH IN DRESS

WHENEVER a woman's dress shows flagrant disregard of the consideration of health, it immediately becomes unbecoming to the eyes of everyone who has a cultured taste. Women who show such disregard for that most precious possession, their health, seem never to realize that the effect of their folly is ludicrous; people laugh at them for the very things they do in the mistaken idea that they are charming. The derisive laugh that follows in the wake of the girl teetering along on dizzy heels, is matched only by the comments passed upon the girl who laces. At a dance the other night I overheard several persons talking about a young woman on the floor who had made herself such a fright with tight lacing that the least-observing beholder could only gape and wonder how she could endure the stress, and smile. One or two older women expressed sincere pity for her folly, but her own generation could only laugh.

In her effort to look, as she thought, pretty, she had made herself the butt of the ballroom. I watched the same thing the other evening in the glances that followed another girl out of a famous café. This girl had brought a waist naturally about twenty inches into a compass that looked to be not more than twelve, but was probably sixteen. The effect was so grotesque that people giggled audibly as she passed out. It wasn't the æsthetic unloveliness of the thing that smote the crowd; it was the evident discomfort the girl must be enduring. We may admire a martyr to discomfort for the sake of a great principle, but we invariably laugh at the martyr to discomfort for the sake of vanity. The reason is based on purest human nature. It isn't half so much that our common sense is outraged, but that our obstinacy is assaulted. We don't like challenges to our admiration; if a woman's charming, we like to find it out—we don't like her to flaunt her charm in our faces; if a girl's beautiful or has beautiful "points," we like a chance to discover them—we don't like having them waved triumphantly before us. "Yes," we say grudgingly, "she's pretty, but she knows it." Now it's hard for a pretty girl not to know she's pretty, but she has no business to let anybody find out that she knows

it; this shows she's not smart. Women who defy disease and endure distress for the sake of some fancied charm, inevitably invite the thought, "Dear me! She must think the result worth any risk. Well, it isn't!"

FOOLISH SHOES

Looking down a long row of women's feet in an elevated car the other day I noticed, here a pair of stout, extension-soled walking shoes, suitable to the snowy weather, and there a large matron's feet warmly incased in fleece-lined arctics, and next a dapper-looking pair of street shoes with patent-leather vamps—trig foot gear, for all their heavy soles. The fourth pair of feet were quite prominently displayed—at least it could never be charged that any effort was made to keep them out of sight—and they wore paper-soled dress shoes of patent leather and fine kid, of a size probably three and a half. The girl to whom these feet belonged wore a black broadcloth skirt and a sealskin coat; there was no excuse whatever for the shoes, that might have been appropriate (inside warm arctics) if she were dressed in light garb for a function, and I saw more than one smile bestowed on the silly shoes, with an expression that plainly said: "You must

think your feet are too pretty to hide in sensible shoes, fit for walking in the snow. Well, *I* could have spared the exhibition, and I guess *you* could have spared the pneumonia you'll probably get!" Words couldn't have spoken more plainly than those little, contemptuous smiles.

ELBOW SLEEVES

This winter wherein I write has been marked by two particularly awful fads in dress, viewed from a health point of view. One of them has been the elbow sleeve and the other has been the transparent yoke. Thousands of girls and women this winter have had their coats and wraps as well as their waists made with elbow sleeves, and have gone around looking ludicrous beyond belief with nothing on their arms cold winter days but a pair of mousquetaire gloves—and everybody knows how warm kid is! Now, the wrist is so sensitive to cold that one of the quickest ways of cooling off, if you are extremely warm, is to let a little cold water run on your wrists; conversely, if you are chilled, an application of warmth to the wrists will immediately be felt all through the body. Think, then, of the short-sleeved girl on a zero day! Of course her arms are cold, and of course everybody knows

it and laughs at her for her folly. Now, elbow sleeves are one of the prettiest devices in the world for setting off feminine charm. Nothing more bewitching could well be imagined than a white, soft, rounded forearm and dainty wrist in graceful motion at a dinner table or with the five o'clock tea service or freeing itself now and then from the flowing fullness of the sleeves in a fluffy negligee. But flaunting bare arms on the streets and in public places is atrocious taste, and going about with them on the streets in the dead of winter would be laughable if it were not so lamentable.

TRANSPARENT YOKES

So with the transparent yoke; it is one of the prettiest, most becoming fashions ever introduced, and in its proper place is so admirable that one cannot think how it may ever be superseded. But when one rides in a street car on a blizzardy January night with two or three women who sit close to the oft-opening doors with nothing between their throats and chests and the wintry blasts but a single layer of very thin lace, it seems time to establish some sort of censorship of dress for the protection of the health of fools. A hundred times on the streets this winter I've encountered women

going along with their chests bared to the cold and their hands huddled in big muffs. A hundred times I've heard people (men in particular) mutter about their being "more ways than one to kill off a fool." "They talk," said one man, "about the whipping post for wife-beaters, but if you had a wife who did that"—indicating one of the offenders—"wouldn't it be your Christian duty to try to beat some sense into her? No other argument would reach a woman of that sort." What I "wondered and wondered and wanted to know" was what the woman who called forth these remarks thought of herself; if, perchance, she had some sort of justification that seemed adequate to her, or if she never gave the matter of her health a thought, or if she knew better and just recklessly didn't care. Whatever her ideas on the subject, she could never in any case, if tried by a jury, be acquitted of the charge of being silly in a mighty poor cause.

"PEEKABOO" WAISTS

The vulgarity of the "peekaboo" waist as we see it in summer will be discussed in another chapter, but the danger of it is a matter for mention here. I live in Chicago, where the sudden changes in temperature are proverbial, and yet from early

spring until late in September I see hundreds of women start out on all-day trips into the business and shopping center, or on excursions across the city, carrying no wrap whatever and wearing the thinnest of waists with lace yokes. Scores of nights I have ridden home, after one of our tremendous drops in temperature, in cars crowded with chattering women in peekaboo waists and guiltless of coat or wrap. *Don't* go unprepared for any probable caprices of the weather, wherever you live, whatever you do, for in so doing you not only expose yourself to serious illness, but you class yourself at once with a silly set of unthinking girls and women. Women of importance never take foolhardy risks; they recognize their obligation to their families and to society, and they cannot afford to expose themselves to any danger. Whenever you see a woman taking outrageous risks with her health you may be quite sure she is a person of no great importance in her world, for if she were she would have learned to take proper precautions against the mischance which might interfere with her engagements. If a woman has had her preciousness much proclaimed, if she has been accustomed to tender solicitude from one or from many, if she has grown used to the idea that

she must be careful of herself since so many persons' happiness depends on her, she will never be found doing foolhardy things. So, even if you fear it doesn't matter to anyone whether you have sniffles or pneumonia or not, don't advertise the fear by going about in open disregard of your health. At least try to look like a woman who has been made to believe she is very precious.

A BIT OF ADVICE

This little bit of feminine philosophy applies to all obvious defiance of the rules of health. Don't do these things, or beholders must needs wonder if there's no one on earth who cares enough for you to remonstrate. A few of the commonest risks girls and women take are as follows: In the chapter on the feet I spoke about keeping the feet warm, about the danger of running out in slippers, etc. Let me add to that a word about changing shoes in winter, taking off heavy boots and putting on thin dress shoes; this is often necessary, but always be very careful to wear fleece-lined arctics if you are going into the street after making such a change, or carriage shoes if you are to be conveyed from house to house. Don't take off winter underwear to go to a party. It is usually safe

enough to wear thin and low-cut gowns to a party, because the rooms are certain, or nearly certain, to be very warm. But flannels should not be removed; if your gown is low in the neck, and sleeveless or short-sleeved, wear a vest made for the purpose and sold in all the shops. It should be of the same weight as the one removed, only cut to wear with décolleté gowns. Then, when you go out, wrap yourself very warmly about the chest and arms, and when you enter the rooms where you are to be entertained, carry with you a light silk or other shawl or wrap, so that if you feel the least chill you can protect yourself. Never try to cool off quickly after getting overheated, but take every precaution against this. Even if there were no danger in a cold, it is so damaging to beauty that one ought to be willing to take any trouble to guard against sniffles, against streaming eyes and dripping nose and cold sores and other accompaniments.

CORSETS

No one ever writes on health and women's dress without giving prominence to the subject of corsets. Personally I do not think that a corset, judiciously worn, does the least harm; and if it did, I believe I'd rather know some harm done than have to look

at the majority of women going corsetless. I know the Venus de Milo wore no stays, and I pay all homage to her beauty, but still I am unconvinced that her illustrious example could be followed by women in general, living in these times and doing as we do. A sensibly large corset that fits the figure and is loosely laced, so as to leave a space of three inches open across the spine, is a great comfort, an immense aid to the satisfactory wearing of such clothing as our fates decree, and so little likely to do any considerable harm that no one need bother herself about ill effects from it. On the other hand, lacing in any degree is so immeasurably harmful that no one can overstate its dangers. My own private test for a corset is the ability to put both hands inside it after it is fastened and run them down to the waist line and below it. No one need ever try to tell me that a corset so worn is injurious, for I shall not believe it.

SUITABLE CLOTHING

To say what is healthful in dress is not possible, for it all depends on the physical condition of the individual woman and on where she lives and on what she does. Some people will insist that woolen underclothing be worn in winter if one live in the

zone where winter has any rigors, but I hold that that depends largely on the temperature of the houses in which one is apt to be. In some localities houses are not kept so proof against outside cold as in others. Dwellers in city apartments have to look at a thermometer out of their windows to know whether the weather is above freezing or below zero. Women who live so, and who are little likely to spend any considerable time indoors in other than very warm atmosphere, are far better wearing cotton underclothing, in my opinion, and in providing themselves with such degree of outer wrappings as the weather seems to call for. Again, however, one should be careful about risks. A seal-skin or other fur coat must not be worn on a zero day and left home on a day that promises to provide a January thaw. Fur throat wrappings must not, either, be put on and left off at will. If there are winter days when fur is a discomfort, it must be borne, if there are also days when it is indispensable. Some women never muffle their throats, and never need to. Everyone has to learn for herself by experiment what is best for her.

Elsewhere I have spoken of the dangers of tight clothing, of the disfigurements that come from tight gloves and tight shoes and tight sleeves and

tight collars, as well as from tight corsets. Tight garters are another thing to guard against, if you wear the band variety above or below the knee. Any restriction of circulation is bound to be avenged in ugliness as well as in suffering and ill-health. In the chapter on eyes I mentioned the menace in close-dotted veils, and in the chapter on hands and feet had a word to say about woolen versus cotton or lisle or silk stockings, also about being careful not to wear stockings with a harmful dye.

TRAILING STREET SKIRTS

No chapter on health in dress can be complete without some comment on trailing street skirts. This is a fashion which no sooner seems banished by good sense than it is with us again in redoubled senselessness. It is safe to say, however, that no matter how a woman of taste may yield to the fashion of the moment in having her street skirts made long, she never, never, never, in any circumstances, lets them trail in the streets or in stores or other public places, and when she goes home, careful as she may have been about holding her skirt up, she never rests until it has been thoroughly shaken and brushed out of doors. On no account would a dainty, refined woman put over her head

a skirt fouled with yesterday's mire or filled with its microbes, nor would she hang such a skirt up in her bedroom or in her closet. Women who know what's what never sit around their own homes in the clothes they wear in the streets, but remove immediately on coming in the skirt as well as the coat of a street suit, and after cleaning both and hanging them away (in a ventilated closet, if possible), put on something, if it be only an immaculate percale wrapper, that belongs exclusively to the house and has about it none of the contaminations of the street.

CHAPTER X

FITNESS IN DRESS

THERE is a kind of fitness in dress which is the foundation of beauty in dress, being the fitness of the apparel to the wearer. But there is another kind of fitness which we shall discuss first, and that is the fitness of the apparel to the occasion—a subject covering such a multitude of sins that a whole volume ought to be written on it instead of a single chapter. American women are probably the worst sinners in the world in this regard. The average Frenchwoman has an innate sense of the fitness of things; the average British woman is a dowdy, but her error is more apt to be with the general style of her clothes than with her ignorance of when to wear them; the average German woman may not be a paragon of style, but she is far more likely to be sensibly dressed on the majority of occasions than her American sister of like station in life. In no country in the world is “the middle class” so great in proportion to the

whole population as it is in this country, and it is among the middle class that one finds the worst errors in dress. We have no peasantry in this land of ours, no people of the soil who wear characteristic and eminently suitable costumes which are either intrinsically picturesque or have come to seem so through much picturing. We have a very wealthy class which sets the styles, and we have a simply huge population which follows them, each individual of the lot according to her ability to get the clothes, not according to her need of them. If a sunburst skirt or a polo turban or a lace bolero makes a marked appearance in Bellevue Avenue, Newport, it is soon to be found duplicated by the tens of thousands in Avenue A, New York, and Blue Island Avenue, Chicago, and elsewhere broadcast over the country. Perhaps the sunburst skirts that set the vogue were made of meteor crêpe or liberty satin, and looked very entrancing as they swirled about the dainty feet of millionaire dames on their mock-Italian terraces or moving across their shining waxed floors. But no matter! The style is copied in cheap taffeta and then in "albatross," and presently one sees a red-faced, red-armed young persons playing tennis somewhere in a sunburst skirt made of serge, and stepping on it

with every move, of course. And this is saying nothing of the thousands of young (and old) persons who will be found wearing sunburst skirts to market and to work and dear knows where else!

INAPPROPRIATE DRESS

Certain women of wealth revived the fancy for ermine, and appeared at the opera in New York wearing wraps that were ermine trimmed. It was no time at all before some other women possessed themselves of ermine furs and wore them to the theater, then to the *matinée* and to afternoon teas; and presently the streets were full of women wearing ermine on their shopping expeditions. Women who could only have one set of furs, and must wear those several winters, unhesitatingly chose ermine and wore it day and night, clean and dirty; and women who couldn't have real ermine created a demand for "near ermine," and wore that with unblushing regularity. I once saw a woman emerge from a cheap bakery lunch place, vigorously wielding her wooden toothpick as she came; she wore a rough, brown-cloth suit, that had evidently been bought at a second-class department store (the practiced eye can "spot" these suits and skirts in an instant), and a set of the very dirtiest

“near ermine” I ever saw. It was enough to disgust one forever with the beautiful fur, and make one forswear it even for occasions to which it is suitable. It has been the same story with white ostrich plumes this season. Nothing could be lovelier in millinery than the great, snowy plumes women of taste have been wearing on their dress hats, but I venture to predict that those lovely plumes will soon be relegated to store closets because of the disrepute into which ignorant women have dragged them by having their like (in kind if not in degree) on hats that must be worn every day, in all kinds of weather. The sights that we have seen of late months on the heads of these ignorant women! The once white plumes in every stage of bedraggledness and dirtiness and disreputability! Sturdy European peasant women, who in their own countries never thought of having a hat of any kind, come over here and make haste to buy the most flamboyantly inappropriate hats they can find. As long as they stay on their home soil they are quite satisfied that not white-plumed hats alone but all kinds of hats belong to a class which is not their class; but the minute they step foot in America they lose the class sense so completely that it is hard to have patience with

them. We hold in this country to our declaration that all men are born free and equal, but those who have the least need to argue about their freedom or their equality know that there is superiority and inferiority among humankind, and that there is no demonstration of superiority so convincing as a fine sense of one's place in the scale of things.

APPROPRIATE DRESS

I know a very beautiful high-bred woman whose grandfather was one of the most distinguished men Ohio ever sent to the United States Senate. This woman was accustomed from infancy to the society of illustrious men and to the daily companionship of persons of the finest culture. As a result of financial reverses she is obliged to earn her own living, and as she was trained for no livelihood she has had to fall back upon her general culture and become a governess. As such she commands high salaries in the homes of the very rich. She dresses to suit the place she fills. It was her wont in another day to wear very exquisite clothes, for the taste displayed in which she was noted. Now she wears only black and white, plainly made, of simple materials, but always immaculate. She spends on her laundry what would buy unnumbered fripper-

ies. And the result is she looks so distinguished, with her delicately lovely face and her proud carriage, in these plain gowns, that wherever she goes (and she travels extensively with her employers and her charges) she excites wonder and admiration. The woman for whom she works is swathed in French finery, but she is an insignificant-looking little person and is never able to transcend her clothes. People look straight past her, instinctively, to the woman who is so evidently superior to her clothes that she cannot hide behind them. But it isn't often, in these days, that one sees a woman trying to seem less than she is! The world is never deceived, though, and it knows a woman who is more distinguished than her clothes proclaim, just as infallibly as it knows, for what they are, the fatuous thousands who fancy their clothes give them an air of fine ladyhood.

SERVANTS' TASTE

Often on Thursday mornings I come down town on the car with a dozen or so domestic servants on their "day out"; it is never possible to mistake them, though I daresay they would be amazed to be told so. As nearly as they possibly can they ape the clothes of women of means and fashion, and

sometimes the expenditure involved in their clothes must have been considerable, and may well have been, for their wages are high and they usually concentrate on one "toilet." My cook told me the other day of a friend of hers who had paid sixty dollars for her winter suit and eighteen dollars for her hat, but I don't need to say that she looked not a whit more ladylike in them than she would have looked in a twenty-dollar suit and a five-dollar hat. Perhaps among her own set she was considered to look very "swell" and to be an undetectable facsimile of "the real thing," but not the unwisest person of all the class she aspired to resemble would have mistaken her for a moment for one of themselves.

THE "COUNTRY" STYLE

Only yesterday, in the famous café of which I spoke in an earlier chapter—that in which I see so many types of women—I was deeply interested in a young woman who came in and had some little difficulty in finding a table at which to sit. She wore a bright blue velvet gown and an eminently self-satisfied air. She was not at all unhappy to move conspicuously up and down the immense room seeking a place, and was absolutely uncon-

scious of the amused glances that followed her. There wasn't a shred of her, from the crown of her huge, much-beplumed hat to the hem of her vivid blue gown, that didn't simply shriek "country made," but she bore herself with the air of one who feels she is making a sensation and believes it to be one of awe and envy. I could never say just what it was that made her so unmistakably an example of bad country taste instead of bad city taste, but she was, and there wasn't a woman in those hundreds who saw her that didn't know it. But it wasn't her frightful taste that was so conspicuous; that was, all told, no worse than one sees a hundred times a day. It was her air that was so funny; her air of seeming to say, "Well, this is a big place and a famous place and a fashionable place, but I guess I've got as much style as anybody here; I guess nobody here would ever think I'm from Bird Center"—the truth being, no one there could ever have thought otherwise. God knows it is neither a crime nor a misfortune to come from the country, but it is a pity, if no worse, to come from the country laden with cheap finery wherewith to make a futile effort to look citified. It is the pretense that is vulgar. And whereas one rather expects a good deal of vulgarity among a

certain large class of city girls, one thinks girls from from the sweet, fresh, wholesome country ought to be above it. There's nothing tawdry in the country except the attempts some of the women make to look like the tawdriest women in the city.

There are French dressmakers who make up, for a peculiar class of American trade they have come to depend on getting, gowns which their Parisian customers would never buy. And there are New York and Chicago merchants who make up for country sale garments and hats the like of which no city trade would ever absorb, although the country trade buys them in the belief that they represent metropolitan fashion's latest cry.

My mother was staying in the Catskills last summer and one day had occasion to drive over to the nearest town of any size. Two young women with whom she had become acquainted asked leave to accompany her, and begged her assistance in the purchase of their winter coats. When it came to the selection of these latter, mother saw that the girls' hearts were set on coats that were both ugly and inappropriate; but they were popular in the country, were considered "stylish," and no persuasion could bring about their rejection in favor of coats that were becoming. The coats so warmly,

admired were of a smooth-finished cloth, probably kersey, in a peculiar clay color that would mock the complexion of a peach. The coats must serve the girls for all kinds of wear for at least two winters, and mother tried to have the purchasers foresee the muddy country roads over which, on jolting wagons, those coats would have to ride; tried to explain to them how much more spots show on smooth-surface than on rough goods (like cheviot, for instance); tried, finally, to suggest, as delicately as she could, that clay color was monstrously unbecoming to dark, sallow-complexioned girls. Alas! The girls only mistrusted her judgment. They knew her own clothes were lovely; that they had an "air," a distinction, and they never doubted she knew how to dress herself. But those clay-colored kersey coats they would have, and did have, in the unshakable conviction that they were "stylish." Now, if they had been becoming and suited to country wear, that would have been justification enough; the little matter of their being different from city style would have counted not at all. The country has a right to styles of its own, and it has more than a right, it has a positive obligation, to adapt city styles to its needs, not to adopt them entire. But the coats were

unbecoming and unsuitable, and therefore in bad taste, from any possible viewpoint.

The saddest error most women make about their clothes is the error of buying things merely because they like them, without thought of when and where they will have to be worn—to say nothing of how they will become the wearer. The becomingness we shall treat in another chapter, but the other point we shall try to deal with here, as well as it is possible to deal with so large a question for a general audience.

DIRTY FINERY AND OVERDRESSING

There are a few things that are applicable to so many women, one cannot err in discussing them. One of them, a great one, is the tawdriness of finery after its first freshness is gone. Let us take for granted that no one presuming ever so faintly to the title of a gentlewoman would be guilty of wearing dirty or mussy finery on any occasion, either where finery is in order or where it isn't. But renovated finery isn't much better. You may read reams of stuff about washed and ironed silks and ribbons and gasoline-cleaned chiffons being "equal to new," but you know as well as I do that they're *not*, and that there is always something unsatisfac-

tory about them. For that reason women of taste buy fripperies with nice discrimination. Women who invest heavily in proportion to their means in perishable apparel or apparel suitable only to a few occasions are bound to be caught often in the predicament of having to wear highly inappropriate and ill-looking clothes. To be clothed with exact suitability to each and every occasion is, of course, the gentlewoman's desire; but if there must be a choice between two evils, it is always the lesser evil to be a little too plainly dressed, and the greater evil to be overdressed. A woman who wears the only high-necked gown at a party where all the other women are *décolleté* is bound to be far less uncomfortably aware of her singularity than the woman who wears the only low-cut gown in an assemblage where every other woman is dressed to the ears. It is quite impossible to lay down any rule for fitness of certain clothes to certain occasions, for the rules in different communities and different social circles vary, and good taste always conforms to the rule. It may be your habit always to wear a low-cut gown to dinner, it may be the invariable rule among your ordinary associates; but if you go to a community where a low-cut gown is never worn to anything less than

a ball, you must certainly find out what is the regulation dinner dress, and wear it as nearly as you can. In this country, where we have no court to decree a cut that corsages must have to be correct, a woman is nearly always safe in going anywhere in a gown that is dainty, whatever its cut or color. For this reason, it is doubly wise for women who have to consider economy to spend very thoughtfully on perishable finery; it is unsuitable for many occasions, and it is unsuitable for any occasion when it has lost its first freshness.

A black ostrich plume, if it is in curl, is always dressier and in better taste than the most expensive of white ostrich plumes that needs cleaning and curling. There are places where the white plume would be too dressy and the black one would not, but there are no places where the white one would be appropriate that a black one would be inappropriate. Therefore, a woman who cannot have hats with both kinds of plumes buys the hat with that plume which will be suitable most times and will need least renovating. There are places where mink fur would be highly appropriate and ermine would be as highly inappropriate; but there are no places where ermine is in order that mink would be out of order. Therefore, the woman who

can have but one set of furs buys mink or whatever dark fur she can afford—anything but imitation fur! That is the unforgivable sin which no woman of taste ever, for any cause, commits. There are occasions when a pink chiffon gown would be sadly out of place, but there are no occasions when a pink chiffon would be in place that a dainty white mull would not be in place. The mull can be washed and kept immaculate; it can be worn winter or summer; it would serve a score of occasions that the pink chiffon would not serve. Therefore, the woman of taste who has to choose, would choose the mull. She might enhance it with lovely hand embroidery and insert it with yards of valenciennes, patiently run in by hand after a fashion that costs so dear when one pays to have it done; she might make her mull a thing of beauty no chiffon ever contrived to be. But even if she couldn't do these things, if she had to have it rather plain, it would always be in better taste because she could have it daintily fresh; she could wear it oftener before it went out of style than she could, probably, wear the chiffon; and she could make it over with perfect satisfactoriness, because it can always be matched and combined with new material and trimming. Chiffon is ugly

when it is mussed (which is almost immediately), it is ugly when it is dirty (which is almost as soon), it is not cleanable with any satisfactoriness, it is seldom matchable in case of an accident or in the chance of making over, and for all these reasons it has no place in the wardrobe of any woman who cannot afford to buy a gown for one or at most two wearings and to throw it away when it has lost its daintiness.

WISE AND FOOLISH BUYING

I use the plumes and the furs and the party gowns as illustrations of a principle that women of taste apply to every detail of their clothes. A silly little factory girl with two dollars to spend on slippers buys white ones, wears them to a party or two in the winter, then, having no others, takes to wearing the white slippers on Sundays when she dresses up, and some fine summer day is seen wearing them at a picnic. The girl of taste, with two dollars to spend on slippers, remembers that she needs white ones far seldomer than black ones, that black ones are always suitable, and invests in a pretty pair that serve her for all slipper occasions, and always looks ladylike. The foolish girl who works hard for her money and can afford to

buy but one dressy waist in a season chooses a white taffeta or liberty satin that costs her a dollar every time she has it cleaned. When it gets past all possibility of being "best" any more, and she grudges getting it cleaned again, she wears it around the house on ordinary occasions, and some morning, if the law allows, goes to work in it. The girl of taste reckons how much wear she will probably be able to get out of a waist saved for "best" before it goes out of style, figures that it will not be enough to justify any outlay for a waist suitable to festive wear alone, and invests in a white China silk that can be washed and that is not too fancy to wear, all fresh and dainty, to the office on warm summer days, or on any day, worn over a lining slip; or in one of the lingerie waists which are now worn summer and winter and which refined women will probably keep in fashion because it is possible always to have them immaculate. The unwise woman who has a hundred dollars to spend on a fall suit gets a velvet, which is too dressy for wear on scores of occasions, which can never be adapted to "second best," which spots in the rain and musses where she sits on it and "mats" if it is snowed on and shows every speck of dust remorselessly. No woman has any business with a velvet

gown who cannot afford to keep it exclusively for best and to give it away the moment it ceases to be best; velvet for "second best" is something too monstrous to be thought of! The woman of taste with a hundred dollars to spend on a fall suit gets one that will be smart enough for any street wear, that will look plain with a tailored waist and dressy with a fancy waist, that will not lose all its beauty in a rain, and that will serve for general-utility wear a second season and "save" that season's new and best suit. Also, if she be a very farsighted woman, she will buy her suit of some goods that can always be matched, so that if a radical change come in sleeves or skirts, or if an accident befall some part of her suit, she can have it made over without looking like a harlequin suit at a masquerade. Most of us have to wear our clothes more than one season, and often it isn't quite comfortable to do this unless we can make them or have them made over in conformity with the next season's style. On this account it is nearly always advisable to give preference to a plain goods over a "novelty," to choose a usual rather than an unusual color, so that "matching" may be possible; otherwise an extra yard or two of material should be bought when the dress is pur-

chased, and laid away for contingencies. Often this little foresight will make it possible to reconstruct to one's eminent satisfaction a gown that would have had to be worn with discomfort or given away.

Probably more women look ill-dressed because they are trying to "get the good out of" finery that is no longer fine than for any other reason. Observe, and see if your observations don't bear me out in this statement. And if, perchance, you have ever erred in this way (and who of us hasn't?), you might make a solemn resolution not to do it again, and see the effect on your own appearance. Once you've made up your mind to throw away any frippery you buy the minute it is soiled or mussy, you will be astonished to see how calculating you'll become before you invest, how you'll turn your back on the corsage ornament of satin ribbon roses, sold at the ribbon counter for two dollars and a half, and put your money in a dainty linen-lawn chemisette to wear with your silk shirt-waist suit; how you'll shake your head to the temptations of a beaded-gauze stock collar and choose a drawn-work linen turnover; how you'll think twice and thrice about a hat that can never be worn for anything but dressy occasions, and finally settle

upon one which can hardly be amiss at any time.

If more women would try this, if more women would pride themselves in dressing according to their station and not merely according to the style set at Newport or the Metropolitan Opera House, we should have more well-dressed women and fewer frights trying to get Fifth Avenue styles at South Halsted Street prices and to look like Newport Casino belles at Bird Center church sociables.

FITNESS

It is remarkable how accurately the means of most of us are measured by the majority of persons we know. They know what we can and what we cannot afford, and we do not deceive them, one time in a hundred, when we put up a false front. They only laugh at us for our futile pains, just as we laugh at the domestic servant earning her five dollars a week who swells out (as she thinks) in a sixty-dollar fall suit. In any case, if clothes are to help us make an impression on the community, it won't be trumpery finery that will do it. Only one thing quite overawes the majority, secretly conscious of their own inability to do likewise, and

that is a sublime sense of the fitness of things and an exemplification of this sense in what you wear. Any woman can create a genuine and profound sensation by studying and practicing this philosophy of clothes.

CHAPTER XI

BEAUTY IN DRESS

BEAUTY in dress consists in the suitability of the clothes to the wearer, in their suitability to the occasion, and in their sufficient conformity to the prevailing styles, so that they shall not attract undue attention by their difference. Undoubtedly the classic Greek fashion of dress is more artistic in line and allows greater freedom to a perfectly developed body than our modern styles (though I can't see how a woman could exert herself much in those trailing, intricate Greek draperies!); but no woman of to-day, no matter how Grecian her style of beauty might be, would be in the least degree pardonable if she adopted classic Greek clothing. It is never pardonable to be conspicuously odd. So, although we may revile many of fashion's whimsies as grotesque, we're bound by every canon of gentle taste to keep at least close enough to them to escape oddity. Genius in dressing consists in the adaptation of prevailing styles to the personality of the wearer.

A not inconsiderable number of women have some idea of choosing their clothes with regard to two details of their individuality: their coloring and their "build." But only a few women have that delicate sense of fitness which goes much further than this and becomes not negative, but positive taste. For instance, a sallow, ashen blonde may know enough to avoid pearl grays and chalk whites, and if she's attenuated she may know enough to leave the princess style alone; but she may not reach beyond this negative fearsomeness to a positive realization of her peculiar style and a definite knowledge of how to dress it. An occasional woman of that description, however, might have that sublimated sense of fitness which would lead her to consider all these things when planning her clothes:

COLOR

Being sallow, with hair and eyebrows too near the color of her skin, she'd experiment a great deal with color before venturing to buy anything, and when she had found the few tones becoming to her, she'd stick resolutely to them. She'd forswear black entirely, if possible, but in no case would she wear it close to her skin, for black is merciless. Of course she'd regard all tans as out

of the question, knowing they'd make it hard to tell where her dress left off and her skin began. Greens would make her look bilious and grays would make her look pasty and chalky whites would make her look hideous. She finds that what she must have is some color that will reflect a soft, warm light up into her too-colorless face. Perhaps she finds a certain shade of red that is excellent; it will probably not be anything on the scarlet order, but more of a crimson—maybe one of the American Beauty shades, maybe a red as deep as a Meteor rose. She will have to be very, very careful about this, as there are shades verging on the cerise which will be as bad for her as grass-green. Some of the golden, rich browns are likely to be becoming, but she must be careful to avoid any tones too full of yellow, for a yellow light is the last light on earth she wants reflected in her yellow countenance. She will try blues, too, especially in the indigo tones, being careful to keep clear of any that have a grayish cast; cadet or "Alice" blue she will avoid like the plague. A good many shades of pink are likely to be in her category of favorable things, varying from a delicate to a deep rose, according to the tone of her sallowness. There may be tones of deep cream that will be-

come her, either touched with little bits of rose or crimson velvet, or veiled in coffee-colored lace and relieved with golden-brown velvet and traces of dull gold. Without seeing the peculiar shade of her sallowness, it is impossible to tell just what will and what will not be possible for her; only actual study of her face, with the colors held beside it, will prove to her what is becoming. She must take account of her eyes, too, and guard against the mistake ninety-nine out of a hundred women make in wearing some color so much deeper than the same color in their eyes as to make the eyes look pale and dim. There was hardly ever a woman with pale-blue eyes who didn't nullify them by wearing some shade of deeper blue.

LINES

The colors that make one look larger are, as it happens, not to be thought of by this slim, pale woman. The large woman avoids all light grays in particular and knows that if she wears a white dress she looks twenty pounds heavier than she does in black; but black is as forbidden as white and gray to the sallow sister, so she concentrates her attention on the lines of dress which will most mitigate her faults and make her slenderness

charming. If she is taller than she likes, she studies how to "cut herself in two," and eschews princess fashions in favor of two-piece gowns. If her waist is too long to suit her, she wears a high girdle, if in fashion, or, in the case of separate waist and skirt, has her belt match her skirt, just as her too chubby, short-waisted sister is careful to lengthen her waist line by continuing the color of her blouse in her belt. Then the tall, thin, sallow woman, knowing "glove fits" to be out of the question for her, considers what sort of looseness is most suited to her. There's the fluffy style for thin persons, but perhaps she isn't a "fluffy person"; not many tall women are. Theoretically, it takes from the height and thinness of a tall, slender woman to wear a very full skirt with many ruffles running round it as high up as to the knees, and a much-bloused waist similarly trimmed in horizontal effect with ruffles. But actually there's scarcely a tall, thin woman on earth who wouldn't look grotesque so gowned. Our woman must understand her style, and that understanding will tell her whether to have her clothes fussy or plain, whether to supplement a flat bust by ruffles on the outside of a fussy waist or ruffles on her corset cover underneath a plain one; whether to go to her

dressmaker for a coat and have it loose and elaborate with trimming, or to go to a tailor who will know how to make for her—as men’s tailors make for them—clothes that are loose, but shapely and “smart”—and to make her look shorter by cutting off the coat at the exact length which gives an effect of shortness, and full-chested by a skillful use of haircloth, and broad-shouldered by crafty cutting. There’s many a device for correcting blemishes and accenting good qualities, and a woman is foolish who doesn’t make sure that she has found the particular ones best suited to her. Too many fat women labor under the delusion that their clothes must fit them like sausage casings; too many thin women err no less in thinking they must be “fluffed” to the eyebrows. There’s more to be thought of in the adaptation of “line” than mere abstract principles. The woman’s personality must be the paramount consideration, and a calm, thoughtful, eminently dignified woman ought to feel as foolish in a lot of furbelows as a dainty little vivacious kitten of a woman should feel in a black velvet princess, with a point de Venise collar.

SUITABILITY TO AGE, MEANS, AND OCCASION

Our woman, having settled upon her range of colors and her "general outline," with regard to their becomingness, will subject her findings to a further test before considering herself well-dressed. She will take account of her age and of her circumstance; she will know that there's nothing more ludicrous than a woman dressed "too young," and she will know there's nothing more ill-advised than a woman dressed beyond her apparent means. I have often noted, on the street and in public places, a young woman who dressed in the most perfect, distinguished taste, always in black, with an elegance that made it more conspicuous than any colors could have been. One day I pointed her out to some one and said I was curious to know who she was. "Oh," was the reply, "I don't know her name, but she clerks in the basement corset department at F——'s." This astounding fact I subsequently verified. There, in the swarming basement, was my girl, earning a possible six dollars a week. Her dress was becoming, it was the prescribed black, but its lines were so exquisite that she would not have been where she was had she been capable of making that dress herself; and

if she had in any otherwise come by it honestly, she was not excusable for wearing it there where it made everyone with an ounce of worldly wisdom set the girl down, unheard, as "crooked." I have since seen that girl on the street wearing furs worth hundreds of dollars; even if, as in the silly story books, she had inherited them from her dead mother or found them in a hollow tree or had them left over from "better days," it was hideously bad taste for her to wear them, for they only brought suspicion on her. They were becoming, they were beautiful, but they were unsuitable to her circumstance and therefore quite shocking to nice sensibilities. If every woman remembered this cardinal principle of good taste in dress, what a revolution would the remembrance not effect! How many wives of young men on meager salaries would cease sighing for clothes that they would know to be unladylike because obviously beyond their ability to afford! How many poor, foolish girls in shops and offices would rest content with the simple attire possible on their income, instead of doing things they should not do to get finery they should not wear! A gentlewoman never by any chance leaves her style of dressing open to the wonder how she managed to afford it. She leaves that

wonder to a class of women with whom she has little indeed in common. And a gentlewoman is never so silly as to hope by her style of dressing to belie her age any more than her income. There are many women now called "fashionable" who dress themselves at sixty as they would at twenty-five, but they are not elegant women, however much they may pay for their clothes or for their steam yachts. A gentlewoman dresses girlishly in her girlhood, and young-matronly in her young matronhood, and keeps on thus, wearing the livery of her years with a sweet dignity that makes the foolish pretense of the grandmother in a lingerie hat almost hideous. I often wonder that our American women, with their vaunted adaptableness, do not oftener "catch on" to the ways of the truly elegant. I remember reading, some years ago, a story dealing with the rising fortunes of a family that had its genesis in a little mining town on the far Western frontier, and came eastward by degrees as their wealth waxed greater. One summer the woman of the household, a young matron of thirty or so, occupied, with her little girls and her maids, the most expensive suite at a fashionable seaside hotel. Every evening she had her two little girls arrayed in the most elaborate silk frocks,

with silk hose and kid slippers to match, and sent them to frolic in the ballroom, where, she fondly fancied, they were the admired and envied of all beholders; and every night she herself, lavishly attired, sat and watched them. One evening, when her children were frisking under the feet of the dancers and she was watching them, two ladies whom she knew to be very "grand folks," but with whom she could not manage to effect the slightest acquaintance, came and sat down almost at her elbow, though out of sight because of an intervening group of palms. "There," said one of them, "are those poor little Blank children! Isn't it a pity to see those little things, dressed up in all that atrocious finery, making nuisances of themselves hours after all the respectable children are in bed? And wouldn't you think their mother would be sharp enough to see that the children of the people she aspires to know wear white linen instead of pink silk, and go to bed at seven o'clock?" That mother *was* sharp enough, thereafter, to discard every bit of the "atrocious finery" and invest in complete wardrobes patterned on those the children of the gentlefolk wore; also, her children went to bed with the birds after that eye-opening experience behind the palms. She had thought, hereto-

fore, that pink silk frocks gave her little girls the appearance of "smartness"; she knew, now, that they did exactly the reverse.

SIMPLICITY AND ORIGINALITY

Gentlewomen dress their babies in nainsook, without lace, save a tiniest touch at throat and wrists; their little folk in gingham for play and white linen suits for best; their young girls in flannels and piqués and mulls; their débutantes in mousselines and valenciennes, in liberty silks and soft foulards and crêpe de chînes, but never in brocades or spangles or point lace; they allow certain extravagances of daintiness to a bride which will never again be allowable to her, and once the bridal finery is relegated to the shelf, they mark their young matronhood with the wearing of clothes subtly yet distinctly different. Every bride among them wants to "look bridey," and every matron of a year wants to look different from the "new crop of brides." It is difficult to explain what I mean when I say that the woman of genuine taste takes account of more than color- and line-becomingness in planning and wearing her clothes; but perhaps these few remarks may help to elucidate it.

"All the world," said the shrewdest of all ob-

servers of his kind, "is a stage; and all the men and women on it merely players." Yes, and there's a fine honor about each one dressing his part appropriately, for thus do we not only contribute each our share to making life a more pleasing spectacle, but we do our kindly intentioned best toward helping our fellow-players to recognize us readily and know what part we play in the complex human drama. I think we do help this recognition more than we realize, though it is as often by our futile pretense as by our dignified candor that we proclaim ourselves.

MORAL EFFECT OF DRESS

How many times in your life, when you've seen some woman looking unnecessarily hideous, have you heard some one ask, in genuine bewilderment, "Do you suppose she doesn't know any better, or that she doesn't care?" It is inconceivable that any woman in her right mind should not care how she looks, for whatever else a woman may have to occupy her time and attention, there is practically no circumstance in life when she is excusable for neglecting her appearance. For a woman's good appearance is not the least of her duties to herself, to the people who love her, and to the stran-

gers she passes by the tens or by the thousands every day.

Every woman owes it to herself to look as well as she can, because the tonic effect of knowing that she looks well is too certainly proved to admit of any further argument. It is always a sign of some sort of decay in a woman when she doesn't care how she looks. Something wholesome and natural in her has "slumped," and if she's a wise woman she will find out what it is and coax it back to par again. A feminine philosopher I know says that whenever she feels "blue" she puts on her best bib and tucker and goes somewhere—anywhere that best bib and tucker is permissible. Almost any clever woman will find her tongue tied on an occasion when she becomes aware of something radically wrong with her dress. It's always so, always been so. A fine disciplinarian recommends "Sunday clothes for children's tantrums," and her advice has been known to work wonders. Reformers whose intelligence keeps pace with their zeal invariably clean and "groom" and newly clothe a man or woman they want to reclaim, knowing that a good personal appearance is one of the prime essentials of self-respect. A woman who doesn't care how she looks must be so lacking in the natu-

ral, womanly desire to please as to be almost or altogether a monstrosity. For besides the effect of good appearance on herself, the gentlewoman reckons the pleasure her good appearance gives those who love her; she knows how distressing it is to have some one she loves belie herself in unlovely attire, and so, for the sake of those who take a pride in her, as well as for her own sake, she makes it a point of honor always to look as well as she can. She realizes, too, that a vast deal of our contact with our fellows in this life is exceeding transitory; that we are, with regard to most of the world, but "ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing"; and she knows that the signals we can show in passing must be plain ones, easily understandable of all. There's no time nor occasion to stop and exhibit our stock of virtues to the multitude; there's no way to fortify them with the fine knowledge that we honor our parents and pay our pew rent and give to the poor; something of all these things we wear in our faces, but not every hurried passer is a keen reader of physiognomy, though everyone, however hurried, can read the legend of good grooming and good clothes. In a world where far too many people allow themselves to become slip-

shod as soon as life begins to wear a little on them, it is not the least of the beneficences that one may do her kind to look always as trim and dainty as possible. The mission of the woman who, without giving the effect of sensuousness or of a blind passion for millinery, can manage always to look sweetly charming, is not below the mission of the flowers, which do not the less faithfully perform their share of the world's work because they are beautiful.

So if a woman looks unnecessarily hideous, let us kindly presume it must be because she doesn't know any better; let us never, save there be no loophole of escape, charge any woman with not caring how she looks, for that's tantamount to an insult.

"COLOR SENSE"

For more than a year and a half—from the time this book was projected to the time of writing this chapter—I have been studying women, on the streets, in the cars, in public and private assemblies, and in their homes, with a view to classifying in some helpful way the most common sins that women commit against good taste in dressing, and I have come to the conclusion that a lack of "color sense" is at the basis of so many of them that I

may fairly begin my category with that. Nearly every woman permits herself too many colors, either worn at one time or belonging in her general wardrobe. Last night I saw a woman alight from a cab and go into a hotel. She wore a tailor-made traveling suit of a shade of tan containing so much yellow as to be nearly mustard-hued, and her new spring hat was of a pale-gray straw. "Now, why," I wondered, "did that woman buy that hat? She must have known she would have to wear it sometimes with that suit! Perhaps she has also a new spring dress of pale gray, but that doesn't make things any better at this present moment, nor at any moment when she is combining her new best hat with her old service suit. If she can't have a hat for every gown, she ought to have hats that go with any gown." One of the best-dressed women I know never buys anything but white for dressy gowns and summer wear, and navy blue for all other wear. She has always a blue tailor suit and a blue silk calling costume, and they are the same shade of blue; the hats that go with them are interchangeable, if need arise, and the pretty toque of cornflowers—let us say—which goes with either one of them at will, also sets off admirably any of her white costumes. This woman pays

from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece for her gowns, but she buys only two or three a year, and each of them is available for "smart" wear for three years. Then, by saving on accessories, of which she needs fewer than most women because her color scheme is so simple, she probably spends no more than many a woman who never by any chance looks well. I know another woman who spends a small fortune each year on her clothes, but she roams the whole gamut of colors, from crushed raspberry to hunter's green, from primrose yellow to peacock blue, and somehow she always has the wrong things together: the jacket of her raspberry broadcloth is too warm or the lining is being cleaned, and the skirt of her tan suit is having a new braid put on it, so she manages to evolve a toilet of raspberry skirt and tan jacket with, not improbably, her peacock turban. The other woman has a peacock turban, too, and a beautiful belt pin of old silver with a peacock-eye jewel in it, and a set of those same jewels for shirt-waist buttons to wear in her smart white linen tailored waists, and a quaint old-silver pendant, with one of the same jewels in it, to wear round her neck when she wears her soft lingerie or mes-saline waists. "You always look so *complete*!"

sighed a harlequin-looking woman to my well-dressed friend one day. Yet the woman in motley spends just as much money on her clothes. The thing to do is to find a few colors which you know become you, and to stick to them. If you like pale gray and it suits you, get gray, and keep getting gray; don't switch off on to tan or lavender or Nile green, "just for a change"; if you look well in brown, and have brown furs and a good brown velvet hat left over from last winter, stick to brown—don't try blue, with which you can't wear your brown hat nor the brown silk waist that you got last year. Remember, the most elegant women in the world have the briefest range of dress colors; the shoddiest are those who buy anything and everything, merely because it happens to attract their fancy.

THREE SINS

Next to the jumbling of colors and the choice of unbecoming colors, I believe more women mar their looks by these three things than by all others combined: first, by the way they dress their hair; second, by the way they dress their necks; and third, by the hats they wear. In the chapter on the care of the hair I said enough about hairdress-

ing, so that I need not say much more here. But I have amused myself through many and many a tedious ride in street or elevated cars by watching the row of women opposite me and speculating what changes in them could be wrought by some one clever in the manipulation of the hair to suit the face. No woman has done her duty by herself or by the people who have to look at her, until she has experimented with every style of hairdressing known to her, in the effort to find that one best suited to her face, best calculated to conceal its defects and magnify its good points—which is what proper hairdressing does.

NECKDRESSING

Then about the necks. These are days permitting women an enormous range for their individual fancies in the matter of neckdressing, but not one woman in a thousand is smart enough to make the most of her opportunities of choice. Shirt waists and odd blouses being so universally worn, there is a great demand for odd pieces of neckwear, notwithstanding that all the up-to-date waists of the present have their collars attached. Fancy collars, different from the waist they are worn with, are distinctly out of style at the mo-

ment; yet thousands of women wear them, for they are a convenient way of refurbishing the neck of an old waist. Colored collars—pink, blue, etc.—on black or other dark waists are now considered in the worst possible taste, but these whims of fashion change so often it is not possible to take much account of them in a book. What it is possible to take account of, however, is the general principle of becomingness, which every woman ought always to consider when adapting fashion to herself. The present fashion in neckwear is, thank goodness! delightfully simple. No *choux* as big as cauliflowers at the back of the neck; no “rabbit ears” of velvet standing stiffly out from the sides of a stiff velvet collar; no buncy bow of five-inch ribbon spread under the chin; no swathings of ribbon wound mummywise many times around the neck; no buckram “chokers”; no mannish starched collars—only soft, sheer, “straight-around” collars of lace and mull and net and embroidery. This general type of neckdressing is so well-nigh universally becoming that women have only to consider the height of collar that is most becoming to them and the width of the line of ruching or lace ruffling or tiny touch of color that best becomes them at the place where neckwear meets neck.

Even with this little opportunity to err, a great many women with thick, short necks have contrived to make themselves look grotesque with no further aid than a too deep ruching. A woman who has any tendency to stoutness cannot dress her neck too simply, and she may remember, as a safe general principle, that she will always look her best in a collar, waist, and belt that match and “run into one another,” so that no line of separation is sharply noticeable. Conversely, a long, lean woman, with a swanlike neck, is sure to look better if she “breaks” her length horizontally several times. Say she wears a white plaited shirt waist and a navy-blue cloth skirt; she will look better in a stock to match her skirt and a white turnover collar than in a white stock, and she may well wear a fancy belt of gilt or Persian-embroidered belting. She must be careful in the choice of her little turnovers, too; must know whether sheer swiss or heavy linen best becomes her, and must know to a nicety what depth to wear them—probably they should be quite deep, twice the depth her short sister wears; and unless her complexion is wonderfully fresh and fine she will choose sheer effects always in preference to thick, opaque white.

Nothing in the least degree soiled or mussy

should ever be worn at the neck. Next to a torn or mussy veil, nothing so quickly gives a tawdry air to a probably otherwise decent appearance. For this reason, neckwear that will wash and iron, and look as well after as before, ought always to be chosen by the woman of small means, in preference to gear that must go to a dry cleaner's after a few wearings.

HATS

Lastly, about hats. It is difficult to particularize here, too, for fashions change before one's words get into print. But season after season, whether the extreme style in hats is six inches of front brim tilted down over the nose or six inches of back brim tilted up in the air, there is no place more diverting to the lover of the ludicrous than the millinery parlors of a large department store, where "all sorts and conditions of women" are trying on hats. Here is a serious business—this purchase of headgear that will make or mar the wearer's whole appearance for a season, perhaps for several seasons. But the vast majority of women enter into it as lightly and ill-advisedly as some enter into matrimony. A woman can't make over the shape of her nose or alter the color of her

eyes or correct the width of her mouth, but she has two "possibilities": she can do a great deal with the proper dressing of her hair, and she can supplement this with the selection of proper hats. If women only knew how much they could do for themselves, at no cost greater than they now entail in making themselves hideous! Good milliners now "build" hats on the heads that are to wear them; but any milliner who understands her trade ought to be able to reshape a hat slightly to make it give the outline most becoming to the face beneath it. But first the hat must be as nearly right in its general principles as can be found; after that, if the milliner cannot reshape it with her fingers, a woman herself, with the aid of her hand mirror and a large looking-glass, ought to be able to figure it out. One prime thing to consider in getting a hat is the question of color—becomingness of color, and adaptability of this to the colors of wraps and gowns it must be worn with. Be careful about having hats to match light gray and tan and green and heliotrope gowns; hats to match whole gowns of these shades are seldom becoming. Most women need an accentuating deep note of contrast in the hat to be worn with a light gown. A dark-blue hat with a dark-blue gown, a brown hat with a

brown gown, are almost sure to be good; and a purple hat is almost a necessity with a purple gown. But in avoiding the Scylla of jarring colors, keep clear, too, of the Charybdis of monotone, which requires a brilliant coloring of hair and eyes and complexion to carry it off successfully. Gowns of a single color are infinitely more elegant than any possible combination of skirt and blouse, and the acme of desirability is reached when the wrap matches the gown with which it is worn. But beware the "hat to match," too, unless the color is dark. Coequal with color in importance is shape, or outline. This must conform in some degree to one of the prevailing styles, or the wearer will look conspicuous, which no gentlewoman will willingly do. But each season allows a latitude within which every woman ought to find a style which will make the most of her good points and the least of her bad ones. Yet, notwithstanding this, fat, moon-faced women will continue to wear tiny butterfly bonnets and polo turbans, or their equivalents, and thin, sharp-featured women will continue to diminish toward the vanishing point under "cart wheels" of velvet and feathers; women with long noses will continue to wear hats with long front brims and no back brims; and women with *retroussé*

noses will continue to wear hats that turn up in front. A shrewd observer of womankind has recently said that nothing speaks so eloquently of the lack of a sense of humor, with which women are charged, as the hats most women wear. If they had even a rudimentary "funny bump" they could never have chosen those particular hats.

DRESS AS A STUDY

Now, these few scattering remarks have by no manner of means covered the tremendous subject of beauty in dress; but I dare say no one expected that they would do that. The most that could be undertaken in this little space, and writing at random this way, without knowing anything of the needs or circumstance of each reader, was to make a suggestion or two which might set some women to thinking and experimenting for themselves. The attractiveness with which women garb themselves has a great deal, a very great deal, to do with the beauty and charm of the little world in which they move most intimately, and of the larger world through which they continually pass and repass. A woman must have room in her mind for many things besides wherewithal she shall be clothed, but when she is attending to the matter of clothing

she should bring to that as informed and earnest thought as, when the matter of clothing has been settled, she takes to some other phase of that multi-fold life whose variety of interests keeps her sweet and young.

CHAPTER XII

THAT INDEFINABLE SOMETHING CALLED CHARM

BEAUTY, as has been said, has three component parts, physical "fitness" and dress and charm. It is almost or altogether impossible to define what charm is, to say in just what qualities it lies, but we may easily come to the conclusion that whatever it is or is not, it is an element of beauty that appertains neither to physical perfections nor to artistic suitability of garb, but to manner. Many women who are neither comely nor tasteful are charming. How much more charming they might be if they were also good to look at, we can only conjecture; but that they are charming, in spite of many drawbacks, we can only admit. A certain world-famous English actress, who is almost as celebrated for her beauty and for the magnificence with which she clothes that beauty, as for her art, has one rôle in which she plays the part of a woman who, exiled from England and her native social sphere by an

illicit association with a brilliant statesman, has fallen into that lack of care for her personal appearance which is one of the first results of spirit-weariness in most women. Among strangers in a strange land, where no one cares how she looks, she has grown careless; and thinking the man she loves cares little about her appearance, and altogether about her ability to help him in his mental endeavors, she almost forgets the brilliant beauty and luxury that were once her absorbing delight. In this state of carelessness she is first disclosed to us on the stage. She makes no "star" entrance, but is there when the curtain goes up, a quiet, shabby woman, with her hair rolled up in the easiest and quickest instead of the most becoming way, and wearing that sort of a brown dress that only a woman who is quite oblivious to questions of taste can array herself in. Those in the audience who did not know the play and were prepared to see a woman of world-famous sumptuousness did not recognize in that shabby woman the actress they had come to see. But the curtain had been up but a few minutes when it became quite realizable, to every person of sensibilities in the audience, how a man of the brilliance of the statesman-hero could be willing to defy everything, even to the

threat of his complete overthrow, for the sake of companionship with that dowdy woman with the ill-dressed hair. She had charm, had that woman! Something ineffable emanated from her that made mere beauty seem insipid, that made questions of dress seem like meaningless fripperies. Not many women have sufficient charm to overbalance all they may lack of other things, but on the other hand, no woman has ever enough of other things to make up to her for a lack of charm. No girl or woman with a thimbleful of wisdom relies on good looks and good clothes, alone, to win her way; those are always appreciated, but they must be supplemented by or supplementary to some other things, for mere prettiness soon palls. "Yes," we often hear some one say, "she's pretty, but—" That "but" always implies a lack of charm. Perhaps the beauty is too conscious of her looks and her becoming clothes, and people say, "She's pretty, but she knows it." Perhaps she hasn't much in her pretty head but a knowledge how to dress it, and people say, "She's pretty, but so uninteresting." Perhaps she has a good ordinary intelligence and a fair share of gifts besides beauty, but is without that lovely quality, the desire to give pleasure, and people say, "She's pretty, but she's spoiled; she

makes no effort to please ; and, somehow, just looking at her soon ceases to be an absorbing interest." It is the manner animating beauty that gives it life and soul, and it is that manner that we call charm. If it irradiate a lovely person, we have a completeness of blessing to be devoutly thankful for ; but if the loveliness of manner be very great, it can make us oblivious of the blemishes through which it shines.

VIRTUE VERSUS CHARM

Now, the old-fashioned moral storybooks used to have a great deal in them about preternaturally plain young persons who made themselves adored by sheer force of virtue, but the storybooks failed to convince a shrewd world, because they did not discriminate nicely and admit that while some virtues are the essence of charm, others have nothing whatever to do with it. It is an old, old story, that while elder brothers stay at home and "tend to all virtue," the prodigals who waste their substance in riotous living get more love bestowed on them ; while Marthas, cumbered with much serving, keep household machinery moving, Marys, who simply sat at his feet and listened, come to be known as they whom the Lord loved. Certainly it wasn't

(and isn't) that virtue is unlovely, that vice is attractive; it is simply that some people, with all their virtues, lack those qualities that kindle love; and certain other persons, in spite of all their faults, have those qualities. Naturally, sinners make a great deal of trouble for everybody they know, and the world is not prone to love those who disturb and annoy it unless they counterbalance that annoyance by an overwhelming ability to give pleasure. Other things being equal, the world would naturally like best those careful, helpful Marthas who contribute most to its comfort. If, on the contrary, Mary gets more love, in spite of all the anxiety she causes, it is because she has great meed of those qualities that give the world delight and inspire its affection.

THE ELUSIVENESS OF CHARM

The world is full of estimable people whom no one but those who live with them and daily profit by their responsible, unselfish virtues cares very much about. But that isn't the fault of the virtues; it is owing to the lack of charm. Naturally, we are all very prone to like people who are dependable and who like to serve; if we don't like them, it is because they have some defects of manner that

keep us at arm's length. I've watched this thing for a good many years with a keen analytical interest. I have known a great many, a very great many, charming people, and I have literally steeped myself in the biographies and letters of people who have charmed the world in other times. I have never been so foolish as to expect to make an analysis of charm, but I have tried, in my intense appreciation, to get at some sort of understanding of it that might help me to say, not to the world but to myself, why I found this and that characteristic so "charming" and others not charming at all. I don't know that, after all, I've got any further than the traditional reason "because." But perhaps if I venture a few of my observations on charm, I may, whether you corroborate or whether you contradict them, give you some fresh interest in this subject that so closely concerns us all. Some centuries ago, when Ponce de Leon lived and journeyed, a great many people were terribly anxious to find the fountain of perpetual youth; I doubt if a great many people, in this day, would dip in that fountain if they had it in their back yards. We all want to look young, but we don't want to *be* young; we don't want to live on and on; we have a horror of outlasting our day and genera-

tion, of coming to be "the last leaf upon the tree." But what we do want is to live while we are alive; we want to know all the fine joys of life, to feel its best triumphs. Some people think they can do this by the power of gold, but when they have the gold they know better. Some of us know that doors a golden key will not unlock swing wide at the lightest touch of charm; we know that there is "a something" that gets all the best things as by divine right, and that, not knowing what else to call it, we can only call it charm. People with charm get the best this world has to give; they don't escape hardships, by any means—on the contrary, they suffer many—but on the whole they get the best life has to offer. We all want that best; we are all interested in the quality of charm.

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

The first essential of charm, as nearly as I am able to determine, is the desire to please. The only argument against this is that children are often charming, and that without conscious effort. In grown persons, however, it seems to me there must be a desire to please at the basis of all charm; for how can anyone who is indifferent to what is thought of him be charming? A person thor-

oughly consecrated to some great purpose may have schooled himself to be indifferent to adverse opinion, but, other than the few so consecrated, only churlish spirits are indifferent to the liking of their fellows.

THE DANGER OF OVERDOING

Unfortunately, though, the desire to please, so far from being the whole of charm, is never more than the beginning of it, and often exists in ardent degree where charm abides not. Many a woman would walk on red-hot plowshares to be thought charming, but finds herself, on the contrary, with all the will in the world to please, "stiff" or "heavy" or "stilted" or "tactless." How often we hear some one say of a woman, "She means well, but oh, dear! she is *so* uninteresting" or "so tiresome" or "so blundering." Probably the majority of human beings "mean well," in so far as wanting to be liked is concerned. But however good intentions may ennoble the heart, however much "all we aspired to be" may be "worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped," it is only what we manage to express in actions that our fellows can take account of; and for their sakes, noble aspirations must be directed with wisdom

toward felicitous performances. If you have a burning desire to please, your desire may be so evident that people will give you credit for it even though you do not direct it well; they may grant that you "mean well, but—" There will always be a "but," a reservation; you must have more than the desire to be thought charming.

THE SECOND ESSENTIAL

Taking for granted that everyone has the desire to please, I think we may safely say that the next essential is some considerable degree of adaptability. Saint Paul confessed to being "all things to all men" that he might win some, and that is pretty nearly what most persons must be if they would be charming. Not everyone pleases everybody; it admirably serves our purpose, here, to paraphrase Lincoln's most famous remark, and say, "You can please some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't please all the people all the time." You must make up your mind to that. Most of those whom the world has hailed as quintessentially charming were not charming at all to a goodly proportion of persons they came in contact with.

THE LABOR INCURRED

Even if one had gifts enough and of sufficient diversity to please all the world, he wouldn't have energy enough. It costs effort to be charming, and it isn't always possible to be making the effort; sometimes one has other things to do; sometimes he has the leisure and the will, but not the buoyancy of spirit necessary to adapt himself to the occasion and to the moods of other people. People of wide experience don't expect to find you always at your best; they know how to make allowance for a difference in your moods; they understand how you may be delightful one time and either passive or positively disagreeable at others. But only a small remnant of your world, perhaps, is possessed of wide experience and keen wisdom of human nature and its limitations. If you want the world to think well of you, you've got either to be well-nigh indefatigable in meeting it on its various grounds and ministering to its various moods, or you've got to establish for yourself such a reputation for charm among a discriminating few that the many who do not feel it can only count themselves, not you, at fault. I know both kinds of charming people, and I admire both kinds. I know the un-

failingly gracious woman who greets everyone with warmth, who seems interested in everyone she meets, who adapts herself readily and sweetly to each person she comes in contact with. Hers is a very lovely service to her world; she leaves everyone with a feeling of satisfaction that they know her, of regret that she is so soon gone. But my! she works hard to give that service. She is schooled indeed in forgetting herself and her interests, and projecting herself at every call into some one else's concerns. It takes a lot of vital energy to maintain a reputation for this sort of charm; it takes an absolutely indefatigable desire to please. A distinguished example of that kind of charm has impressed its lovely memory on many thousands of persons in this country who came, during her arduous public life, in contact with Mrs. Grover Cleveland. If that gracious lady ever came out of an encounter, however casual, with a human being who did not ever thereafter remember her delightfully, even affectionately, I have never heard of that one; he or she has never gone on record. But few women in a generation have such steadfast amiability combined with such unfailing tact and grace. Most persons must, perforce, content themselves with being as agreeable as possible to

the majority, and especially agreeable to the few with whom they're fitted to enjoy close companionship.

ADAPTABILITY

A great many of the world's most fascinating personalities were of this latter sort; they had little or nothing to offer the many, but an embarrassment of riches to offer the few. A major part of literary and artistic notabilities has always belonged to this group; they had charm in abundance to dispense in print or across the footlights, but in actual encounter with people could do themselves justice only now and then, when every circumstance favored. This isn't "uppishness" or a "peculiarity of genius." Some persons can adapt themselves readily to any situation; others can't. The matter of genius has nothing much to do with it. If a man is a born "mixer," his genius does not alter that bent; nor, if he is born to be shy, does genius give him control over that. The kind of charm you have is a matter of temperament, and it is a wise woman who studies herself closely enough to know wherein she may reasonably hope to shine and wherein she may not. Adaptability may be cultivated in some, up to a

certain point. But an extreme degree of it is a gift, and if you haven't got it, you haven't got it, that's all. At least, though, you may console yourself that you belong to a large class which has developed a great many charming persons.

PLEASURE-GIVING

If you find that you belong to this class, you must take account of stock, and see what you have to command in the way of social graces. When you know what you have at your disposal, then you can begin to make the best use of it in your desire to please. If you have any "parlor tricks," don't be jealous of them; if you can sing a sweet ballad, don't say, "I wish people didn't always ask me to sing. I feel as if that were all they invite me for, and I resent it." Why should you resent it? You wouldn't wish to be asked out of a spirit of pure benevolence, would you? Very well; then for what shall you be asked, except for what you are and what you can do and can contribute to the general pleasure? If you can sing, sing cheerfully, and be glad you can do it. Be sure, too, to sing the songs each audience wants. Take your little gift in hand and adapt it to the occasion as best you can. So shall you please. If you are a good

talker—talk, and meet expectations. If you have the gift of a hearty laugh, be alert to lend it at the right moments. Your friends like to know for what they can depend on you. Try to get a reputation for dependability, for readiness to take your gift with you, whatever it is, and use it happily for “the common good.”

If you want to be charming, you must consider it a sacred responsibility to give pleasure when you can. You can't spend much time looking for some one to give you pleasure; the world's too full of persons on that quest, and what they want of you is that you shall forget yourself and develop a keen interest in them. You've got to do it if you want their commendation. Lots of people want no more of anyone than an appearance of absorption in what they're saying. If you can feel or affect that absorption, you're in a fair way to popularity with those persons. Other persons don't talk, can't talk, but want you to talk about them and their affairs. You must be careful, very careful, not to mistake a person of the former class for one of the latter; you must know when the burden of speech is to fall on you, and when you've only to listen attentively and ask a few interested questions now and then. This discrimination is a

fine social grace, and the ability to suit oneself to either horn of this dilemma is proof of a high order of qualification for the game of human intercourse. There's no use being satirical about all this. We can't make over human nature; we must take it as we find it and yield graciously to its whimsies, if we wish to charm. But oh! we must be tactful, withal, for there is nothing less charming, nothing the world more quickly and permanently resents, than any trace of condescension in our attitude; any seeming to say, "Well, I see you're absorbed in yourself and your own affairs; so, because I must, I'll try to seem absorbed in them, too." That's an insult soon and severely punished.

TACT

So, next to some degree of adaptability, we must put tact as a requisite of charm. Tact might be defined as the ability to do the right thing and make it appear the inevitable thing. Charm flees before the least suspicion of a determination to "adapt." The instant we scent that determination, we may say, "How kind!" or "How well-meaning!" or "How self-sacrificing!" but we never say "How charming!" Charm never wears the

evidence of effort; it always seems to be spontaneous, always seems "inevitable." So, we see, it takes either a wide-reaching and thoroughly *bona fide* interest in our kind, or an artistry in dissimulation, to win us the reputation for charm. The former is not only the safer—that is an almost vulgar way of putting it—it is infinitely the more delightful, for then we enjoy ourselves coincidentally with giving pleasure. If we can't achieve that, we may try the alternative; but it takes long practice to make perfect in that, and the rewards of popularity so gained are hollow rewards at best. There's nothing gets straight to people's hearts like an unmistakable evidence that you like them.

These things are not all of charm; it's a big subject, and I could write a book about it and still not feel satisfied that I had analyzed it. But even these few suggestions may help some one; may open up a line of thought which will lead to interesting developments.

CHAPTER XIII

THOROUGHbred

IT is exceedingly interesting, if one be a student of human nature and of social conditions, to note the difference in people's aspirations as they rise in the social scale. In this country, where very giddy heights of prosperity are often reached in a short time by persons quite unused to soar, one has opportunities to watch certain families and individuals through many phases. A brilliant man of letters once told me that he had dined the night before with the So-and-Sos. "It isn't a dozen years since I ate dinner with those people off a red-and-white checked tablecloth, with everything on the table when we sat down," he said; "and last night we ate off a yellow satin tablecloth, and had about seventeen courses, with everything *in rinds!*" The people referred to were far from suspecting the vulgarity of the satin cloth or the seventeen courses "in rinds," as my ironical friend put it. But almost inevitably, if they keep on

aspiring, and trying, as climbers do, to mix with better and better people all the time, they will find out; they will cease trying to be what the vulgar call "swell," and will make a supreme effort to be what "the quality" call "thoroughbred."

THE FINAL ENCOMIUM

I never lose an opportunity to listen to the talk of shop and factory and the cheaper type of office girls, and am never so tired, so jaded, that I cannot get amusement out of the number and variety of uses they find for the word "swell." When one of them has said a thing or a person is "swell," she has pronounced what is for her the final encomium. Mamie does her hair "swell"; Jennie has a "swell feller"; Abbie knows a "swell" place to get a shampoo for a nickel; Susie went to a picnic yesterday and had a "swell" time, and so on. Occasionally it is even a book or a play that's "swell." The fact that so many of these girls would rather be "swell" than good is undoubtedly one of the chief reasons for the prevalence of vice among their class.

Now, "swell" is a word practically never heard in those circles of society of which it is vulgarly supposed to be the chief characteristic. In that

rarefied atmosphere the final encomium is "thoroughbred." There are a thousand little things which denote breeding; which bespeak the lady to the manner born. And these are the things that those not so born are most eager to emulate so soon as they have emerged from the semisavagery of the "swell" state.

"THE REAL THING"

It is not possible to say just what is the dividing line of difference between a woman who is thoroughbred and a woman who is not, but when the two are seen together, the least observing can hardly fail to feel the gulf that yawns between. The thoroughbred woman may be neither handsome nor "swell," and the underbred woman may be both, but the latter, unless she is hopelessly smug in her plebeianism, will instantly feel the superiority of the former, and envy her it. Many a beplumed and bechiffoned and bejeweled dame has suddenly felt herself tawdry, insignificant, ridiculous, beside a plain woman in a plain gown, of whom the gorgeous woman could only murmur bitterly, "She's the real thing." "The real thing!" How soon people learn to know it! I have seen many and many a "swell" dame sweep

out of a milliner's or a hairdresser's or a dress-maker's; have known, by her air, that she imagined everybody she left behind was gasping with wonder at her clothes and her "grand manner"; and yet, even the little shop girls would smile shrewdly at each other and say, "*She's* not the real thing!"

There is a great deal in a woman's manner toward those who are serving her, for one thing. If a woman has always been served, she has a charming way of taking service for granted, that the upstart never learns; her dignity is so secure that she doesn't need to assert it. She expects service, she gets it, and she is graciously appreciative of it. The woman who is "emerging" more than half expects everybody to remember her humble yesterday and to refuse her service on account of it, so she is what she probably calls "imperious" in her demands, with a result that people immediately suspect her. Empresses don't have to be "imperious"; their slightest request is always held a command. It is the self-made despots, always, that make a show of dignity. When I was a tiny girl I insisted, once, when I was at Windsor, England, that I saw Queen Victoria at some time and place which seemed unlikely to my parents.

“How did you know it was the queen?” asked my father. “Why,” I retorted, surprised at this question, “she had her crown on, of course!” When it was explained to me that the royal lady had worn her crown but twice or thrice in her long life, I was staggered; I thought she put it on regularly in the morning, when “she did her hair,” and on that belief had based the fairy tale in which I myself believed by the time I had it woven into speech. Later I learned that while Queen Victoria did not often wear her crown, she always wore—little bit of an old lady that she was, under five feet in height—an air of royalty about her that was unmistakable. Another woman might easily have worn all the British crown jewels and not seemed queenly beside the “dumpy” little old woman who never wore any more of that glittering insignia of rank than she could help. It certainly isn’t the things you put on that indicate rank or thoroughbredness; it’s the things you can’t take off or hide.

If you’re a thoroughbred, you can’t help it; everything you do has “the air,” and you may be a fright and a frump and a lot of other things, but better-looking and better-dressed people will envy you for your possession of that which money can-

not buy and schools cannot teach and travel cannot develop and books cannot impart.

HINTS TO "CLIMBERS"

If you're not thoroughbred, and want to make a beginning toward seeming so, there are some things it is possible to tell you which you must and must not do. To many of my readers these things will sound very rudimentary; so much so as to be almost insulting. But they are not for those readers. They are for that probable reader here and there who is struggling toward a lady-likeness to which (through no fault of her own) she was neither born nor bred. No land on earth is like ours. We have no aristocracy except the aristocracy that has made itself. No traditions, centuries old, shut you or me out of any social sphere we are personally fitted to adorn. There is nothing relentless about any of our caste system—nothing in the way of a prohibition that goes back of us to something we cannot help; nearly everyone of us, broadly speaking, can climb, at least approximately, to where we want to be, if we have the climbing ability. There's nothing in our traditions that says, "You were born in such and such a sphere, and there you shall stay." If we

can get into another sphere, we're welcome to, and everybody will applaud us for so doing. Unfortunately, far too many persons make the mistake of thinking that money is the key to everything. It is the key to more things than it should be the key to, but with every year of our advance into broader culture money gets less and less potent in many quarters. Already, even in some of the communities where prosperity is still pretty new and conditions are still pretty crude, there are people who are struggling with the bitter knowledge that the money they toiled so mightily to get is not nearly sufficient to buy them what they want. They are sadly conscious of lacking something—they don't know what—that might make them welcome in places which now present to their entreaty only frowning fronts. And as it's usually the women of a family who determine its social status, I'm going to address a few very elementary remarks to such "struggling" women as may read my book. You to whom these things are as kindergarten ideas will pass them by, but not contemptuously, I am sure, for in this country, where everyone of us knows people of many sorts, probably everyone of you has acquaintance with some one who needs just such elementary "hints" as these,

so you'll not think I'm addressing a degree of ignorance existent only in my imagination.

SOCIAL AMBITION

It seems to be a universal trait that makes people who have prospered tire, presently, of the envy of their unprospering old acquaintance and covet the approving fellowship of a "sweller" class. Mrs. Houlihan, when her blacksmith husband gets to be a "ward boss" and affluent, soon tires of the gaping envy of Mrs. Casey, who keeps the grocery, and Mrs. Finnegan, whose husband owns the corner saloon, and aspires to the distinguished approval of Mrs. McCarthy, whose husband is a wealthy contractor with a political "pull," and of Mrs. O'Brien, whose husband is the owner of a teaming business, with the same kind of pull. These latter dames are five years past the time when they went for their own beer or exchanged gossip with the grocer's wife. So, too, Mesdames McCarthy and O'Brien have no mind to "take up with" the aspiring Mrs. Houlihan—though their husbands remind them that it is good policy to do so, Houlihan having "infloo'nce"—but desire to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Connor, whose husband has risen from head butcher to superintendent

of a big "packing house," and, after rising, has bought her a house on a boulevard and himself a membership in a club whose dances and ladies' bridge tournaments are noticed in the "Society News." Mrs. Connor, of course, is in her turn looking higher, and so it goes. It is all very vulgar, doubtless, but it is very healthy. Many crimes against good taste are committed by the climbing, but it's a great thing to live in a country where no one's doomed to be less than he's able to make of himself.

CRIMES AGAINST TASTE

It is a pity, then, that so many persons, of the fair sex particularly, find themselves shut out of their respective paradises not because their clothes are not "fine" enough or their men folk are not successful enough, but because they themselves commit crimes against the taste of the order they aspire to. Mrs. McCarthy despises Mrs. Houlihan not because Mrs. Houlihan's clothes are inferior—perhaps they aren't—but because Mrs. Houlihan is not yet above "rushing" her own can for beer or hanging over Mrs. Casey's counter on a social call. Mrs. Connor despises Mrs. McCarthy not because Mrs. McCarthy speaks of "having went" to At-

lantic City last summer, but because some one has told her that Mrs. McCarthy, when at Atlantic City, went down to breakfast in the hotel flaunting, in supreme self-satisfaction, a pink China silk "tea gown." Mrs. Connor knows so much better than that that she feels she "cannot afford" to know Mrs. McCarthy. Similarly, a woman whose acquaintance Mrs. Connor ardently desires shudders at the mere mention of Mrs. Connor's name, not because Mrs. Connor wears a lavender chiffon velvet gown and ermine furs to church, but because she is overheard inquiring in the vestibule, "Has my carriage come?" While the lady who shivered at Mrs. Connor finds herself blacklisted at some place where she dearly desires to be, not because her grammar's bad, but because her voice is loud and rasping and her laugh is too boisterous in public places.

ON ASSUMING VIRTUE

We all know the advice of Polonius about assuming a virtue if we have it not. This is particularly pertinent in matters of breeding; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that if one assume a virtue because it seems the thing to do, by and by he will grow so accustomed to the virtue and the pleasantness it entails that nothing could

induce him to drop it. Perhaps a woman doesn't always see, just because she yields to urging against it, that shrill talking is a distressing habit; but if she begins talking in a low tone because it is "genteel," the chances are that she will soon talk that way from preference, and be as "rasped" as anybody when she has to sit in a public conveyance and listen, perforce, to the ear-piercing tones of a woman thirty feet away. Perhaps she doesn't "see that gum chewing is a crime," when some one first assures her of its hideous unladylikeness, but if she once forswears it, the chances are she will soon see its ugly vulgarity and hate it as cordially as any refined person does. So it's a good thing to feel constrained by the polite conventions, even if at first we don't quite understand the reason for them. It's a good thing to wish to appear "thoroughbred," even if we feel that our inclinations are hopelessly plebeian. Almost any good habit—and the usages of polite society are nearly always reasonable, and for their sound sensibleness worthy of emulation—tends to become a matter of preference after awhile, like bathing and brushing the teeth and other nice things which it is acute discomfort to neglect after one has formed a habit for them.

Now these are some of the things that the thoroughbred woman does not wear and does not do:

GOOD TASTE IN LINGERIE

Her lingerie is guiltless of cheap lace and colored ribbons that "show through." She never makes an exhibit of her underwear through the thin waists now in vogue. She never plasters her front with a huge pink or blue or other bow, worn at the bust, underneath her transparent waist. She does not run her chemise and corset cover with colored ribbons if she is going to wear them under a thin waist. It is more than probable that all her lingerie is run with ribbons of white taffeta, but certainly those articles are which she wears under her lingerie waists. Neither are those articles cut very low, back or front. Or, if they are, the thoroughbred woman wears over them a high-necked slip of soft nainsook or India lawn or China silk. Her petticoats for street and ordinary wear, if they are white, have no lace on them, but an embroidery flounce, preferably one that looks as much as possible like the hand-embroidered flounce of the really elegant French skirts. Natty little cambric skirts, with flounces embroidered in polka dots, come as low as a dollar ninety-five, and when

immaculately laundered look the personification of smartness under a street gown. Lace-flounced petticoats are for house wear only, and worn on the street mark "the woman who doesn't know." All the lingerie of the dainty gentlewoman inclines to fineness and immaculateness rather than to showiness. If she can afford it, her chemises are of the softest nainsook, or even handkerchief linen, with a touch of hand embroidery and only the narrowest line of some good lace—Smyrna or Maltese are cheaper than real Valenciennes and launder better, and a good imitation of the round-meshed "German Val" is always permissible. But the rows on rows of it, threaded with vivid ribbons run in cheap "beadings," are never seen on the woman who knows. Her aim is to have her every belonging as different as possible from the mountains of tawdry trash piled on the counters of cheap department stores. Nor is the expense of distinction so great, if one "knows how." For instance, I buy for chemises a grade of handkerchief linen which comes at ninety cents a yard; it is a yard wide, and two yards and a half makes a chemise. This is two dollars and a quarter. The embellishment is in hand embroidery. Sometimes I pay fifty cents to get a design, including

scallops, stamped. Sometimes I can draw a design that suits me, or transfer one from a pattern. But allowing the fifty cents for stamping and a possible dime for cotton, and as much more for white taffeta ribbon to run through the embroidered eyelets, and a dollar thirty-five for three yards of Smyrna or Maltese lace to edge the neck and sleeves (and one can get a very dainty pattern and quality for that), I have a chemise, for a little over four dollars, that I could not buy for twenty. And for four dollars I cannot buy in the shops a chemise I would wear; nothing French or hand-made comes at that price—nothing but horrors of cheap cotton goods and cheap cotton lace and “violent” ribbons run in coarse beadings. For six and seven dollars and up I can get a dainty nainsook chemise, but I could make up a daintier, matching the materials, for two dollars. It is the same with corset covers. Skirts are, of all lingerie, the most satisfactory to buy, and often as cheap to buy as to make. Many women find the same true of gowns and drawers; personally I do not, but that is a matter of taste. It is hard to find a dainty nainsook nightdress under nine dollars and seventy-five cents or thereabouts, and as good can be made for a little over three dollars, if one can

embroider. Thus it goes. If you must buy your lingerie, and may not spend a small fortune on it, it will take some time and patience to find things that are ladylike and worthy of you; but I dare say it can be done; and it is well worth doing, for nothing more surely differentiates a thoroughbred woman from one who is not, than the quality and condition of her body linen.

ELBOW SLEEVES AND DUTCH NECKS ON THE STREET

The high-bred lady does not do *these* things either: She does not appear in collarless or elbow-sleeved waists on the street. If she wears elbow sleeves and Dutch necks she does it in the house or on the piazza of her home; she never flaunts them on the street or in public places. Nor does she ever wear the exaggeratedly thin waists that now shock even dull sensibilities. Her waist may be of the filmiest handkerchief linen at two dollars a yard, and marvelously inset with lace, but she will never wear it so that one wonders why she troubled to wear a waist at all—the way a lot of vulgar girls and women are wearing thin waists of late. She will invariably wear under it enough to keep it from the least suggestion of immodesty or the least exhibition of her underwear. I am no

prude. I admire feminine loveliness as much as anybody I know, and like a dignified amount of dainty coquetry in a woman's dress. I like to see a woman with a pretty throat dispense with collars on her afternoon gowns for the house. I like to see a woman with a pretty pair of arms and pretty shoulders in *décolleté* dress in the evening at the proper places. If a woman's arms permit it, I would never put a long sleeve and cuff on a gown for dressy house wear. But I do think that the exhibitions underbred women and girls have been making of themselves lately with their short sleeves and peekaboo waists ought to earn them a good drubbing. I can think of nothing some of them need so much as just regularly to be spanked. Know better? Of course they do! If they don't, they should not be at large!

APPROPRIATE DRESS

The other day—on a hot August morning—two women passed each other near the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. One was a marvel of elegance and good grooming. She wore a suit of linen in the shade known as oyster white and a weave almost as coarse as sack-ing. It was exquisitely tailored, and of course

had no trimming except stitching and a few pearl buttons. It was what is known as the "three-piece suit," and had a plaited skirt of the smart trotting length; a tailored shirt waist made with a chemisette that was not set in, but sewed in, and long three-quarter sleeves; and a trim little, perfect-fitting coat. Her hat was of black Neapolitan straw, with black satin ribbon and a long black aigrette. Her gloves were black silk. Her shoes were Oxfords of finest calfskin, with military heels and small silk ties. Her stockings were plain black silk—one got a glimpse of them as she crossed Twenty-third Street, and of a petticoat with hand-embroidered scallops and polka dots the size of a dime. This woman's beautiful, shining chestnut hair was exquisitely dressed in a smartly simple fashion, and everything about her, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, was the acme of elegance and suitability. Not a woman passed her who did not turn to look again. Not a sophisticated cash girl who saw her but could guess pretty well who she probably was, or, rather, to what social order she belonged. She was the owner of a great Newport villa, come over in her big steam yacht for a day or two in New York. The one woman who passed her without envy was

a tourist "seeing New York" for the first time. I don't know where she hailed from, but it was any Posey Corners you will. She looked as if she had just come from the train and had sat up all night. She wore a very mussy organdie gown—white, with big pink flowers—made with many ruffles and a "trained" skirt. Her shoes were white canvas, with bows of an extraordinary size. Her hat was a flower garden of awful size, shape, and hues. She—oh, well! what use to complete the description? You've all seen her—a thousand of her—and you know how she looks. You know she will go on boat excursions and park picnics and shopping tours and everywhere else she can manage to get, with that same frightful gear. She couldn't get herself up like the other woman? Of course not! That simple elegance is the most expensive thing in the world, I grant. But she need not have made such a guy of herself. The money she spent on that tawdry finery would have bought something genteel and suitable. The chances are that she has twenty uses for a street suit where she has one for a dressy costume, and the conclusion is plain: she would far better forego that semioccasional dressiness, and, if she can have but one dress, see that it is the one which will give her the best

appearance on the most occasions. Not ten feet away from where she passed the Newport lady, she passed another woman I know. This woman has a tiny dress allowance and makes all she wears, except her tailored suits, of which she has a high-class one every two years. This hot morning she was wearing a dress which cost her, I happened to know, less than two dollars. It was a navy-blue Victoria lawn, made with a smartly plaited skirt, a plaited waist with dainty white chemisette and wide white cuffs, made of very "open" embroidery of a sort that looks something like Irish lace. The lawn, which was a heavy variety, was stitched in a fashion quite tailory, and on the broad plaits of the waist-front were a few tiny white pearl buttons. White silk gloves were worn, neat black Oxfords, and a charming blue straw hat trimmed with cornflowers and white taffeta ribbon. This third woman had not, I am certain, spent on her outfit what the person in the bedraggled organdie had. And yet, next to the Newport lady, she was of all the women in that thronged street the most refreshing to look upon. Indeed, I am not sure that to me, at least, she was second to any, for the knowledge that her own dainty taste and skillful work had gone into that simple

gown made it doubly attractive. And then, no woman looked after her and sighed discontentedly, as they did after the woman of millions. My young matron in the blue lawn frock was an example to the tawdry, not their despair. And as the girl who was with me said, "To look at her gives you a kind of feeling of having been in touch with sweet womanhood. You feel so sure that under her blue lawn everything is so snowy white, so eloquent of refinement."

PERFUMES

Some one says, will I please tell what I think about perfumes. Nothing is more certain than that strong perfumes are vulgar, and usually consciously so. It seems that in many climes and for many years the courtesan class has advertised its presence by the saturation of its garments in odors like musk and patchouli. A woman who leaves a trail of strong scent behind her gives everybody the right to question her respectability. On the other hand, a faint, delicate odor of violets about a woman's lingerie, veils, gloves, etc., is, I think, part of that feminine witchery which is every woman's positive obligation. Some people abhor every scent, and do not distinguish between the vulgar

and the superrefined in quality and quantity. If any of those near and dear to you belong to this class, you would better use no perfume at all. In no case is it allowable to mix perfumes. Your toilet water and triple extract and sachet powder must be of the same scent and brand. Violet is the favorite and the most delicate. I keep my veils in a silk case scented with violet sachet. This scent is not perceptible to a second person, but 'is faintly agreeable to me when I take the veils out, and disappears almost immediately in the open air. It "corrects" the possible odor of smoke that clings to veils worn in a city, and also that of perspiration, which must cling to a veil worn close to the face. Scattered through drawers of lingerie, fine waists, etc., I keep sachets of Dresden ribbon, which I fill freshly three or four times a year. These ought to be put among gloves, too, for the most immaculate personal cleanliness cannot keep gloves from smelling of smoke, of gasoline after they have been cleaned, and of perspiration. They should not "reek" with perfume, but have only enough of it to nullify other odors. It is nice to hang jackets and gowns on wire hangers padded with cotton, covered with dainty flowered ribbon, and scented with one's adopted scent. Some women

have a faint odor of violets about their hair. The elegant thing in the matter of perfumes is never to assail anybody's nostrils with it while you are present, but if, say, some one picks up your glove after you are gone and buries a discriminating nose in it, he is able, after a sniff or two at the elusive fragrance, to surmise that it belongs to you.

GLOVES

Speaking of gloves! Not many kinds are in good taste, as you know. White and black, gray and tan, answer pretty nearly all purposes for the well-dressed woman. Red and green and purple gloves are screaming proclamations of ignorance and atrocious taste. Some women wear pink and pale-blue kid gloves to match evening gowns, but white is always in better taste. Dressed or glacé kid wears longer and better than undressed or suède, and cleans better. Sometimes one, again the other finish is the more popular. Just now it is the glacé kid. Silk gloves for summer wear are really in better taste than kid. Bizarre effects, like embroidered backs, lace tops, etc., are never considered for a moment by the really elegant—any more than are spangled silk stockings, which I once saw in a show case labeled, "Latest Paris nov-

elty." "Latest" among the flashiest of the demi-monde, perhaps, but not even among the tasteful of those, to say nothing of the elegant Parisiennes. Soiled gloves are an offense against every propriety. If a woman cannot afford much cleaning, she would better forego white and all light gloves, or buy white silk ones and wash them after each wearing. Let me give you a hint about washing white silk gloves. Soak them for twelve or twenty-four hours in a strong suds of white soap and a teaspoonful of borax. After this the dirt will rub out with great ease. Rinse thoroughly, the last time in blue-water, and hang in the air, but not in the sun, to dry. This will give you white, not yellowish, gloves, soft and pliable as when new. I used to put mine on the hand and scrub the soiled tips with a soft brush, but that wore out the gloves distressfully and was more trouble than this way I have described. I have never had any success in cleaning kid gloves. Some women do it quite nicely with gasoline, but I prefer to spend ten cents and have a good job done at the professional cleanser's. White kid gloves are an extravagance not every woman of modest means counts as she should. Say you pay a dollar and a half for a pair of short, wrist-length gloves. If you wear them

twice before they are cleaned, you are doing well. Then, if you wear them twice after each cleaning you are doing still better, for everyone knows they soil more readily than when new. Six cleanings is an excessive amount for any pair of gloves to stand. This is two dollars and ten cents for fourteen wearings, or fifteen cents for every time that you don white kid gloves. And this is an outside estimate. Not many women can do it this cheaply. For receptions, theater, calling, and other occasions white kid gloves are the only really desirable thing, but better a thousand times a clean white silk than a dirty or "scrubby" kid!

LACE AND JEWELRY

It used to be that a woman of breeding never wore imitation lace or imitation jewelry, any more than to-day any woman of breeding would think of wearing imitation fur. But there is probably not a woman alive to-day who does not wear both imitation lace and imitation jewelry. Real lace is not beloved of the dressmaker. As a rule, the owner does not want it "cut up," and its possibilities are so few that it becomes a positive bugbear; and usually it looks far less fetching than a good quality of imitation, which the woman of modes may slash

into and adapt to her purposes at that caprice of hers which makes a gown charming. Five and six and eight hundred dollar imported model gowns have imitation lace only, for trimming. Now and then one sees a "robe" of solid Irish crochet or appliqué or Renaissance or Princess or some other real lace, but where lace is used for trimming it is almost invariably an excellent imitation of some sort—and rightly so, for it is a crime to snip the real into bits, and without snipping it is seldom adaptable. A bertha or collar or chemisette or set of undersleeves in real lace may be used with distinguished effect, but otherwise a good imitation is more satisfactory and in every whit as perfect taste. In the matter of imitation jewelry, the standard that determines what one may and may not wear within good taste is the intent with which one wears it. If it is worn with the intent of passing it off as real, it is vulgar. If it is worn frankly as imitation, it is all right if in other respects it conforms to the canons of good taste. A rhinestone sunburst is unpardonable, but a rhinestone, as big as a Tiffany diamond, in a hatpin, nestling among deep fluffs of black or white maline, is quite proper. An imitation of any sort is all out of order in a ring, but not at all out of order

in a comb for the hair or in a belt pin or barette. A string of Parisian pearls, wax-filled and of a really charming luster, may be in the best taste where a string of the real would be in the worst. No woman of taste would wish to wear a string of real pearls unless it were well known that she could afford them and that her position demanded them. Otherwise, taste would dictate the imitation, which deceives nobody. We have the word of no less an authority than Ruskin for it, that if a piece of red glass is just as pretty as a ruby and, of course, infinitely cheaper, the red glass is in better taste than the ruby, which represents money that ought to be better employed. But no red glass *is* as pretty as a ruby. Sometimes, though, one may apply the principle otherwise. I once wanted, "the worst way," a string of pale pink beads. The only string I ever saw that I liked was gem coral, at twenty-five hundred dollars. Some months later I happened on a string of pink china beads for a dollar. They are of an exquisite hue, they do not even faintly pretend to be gem coral, and they look quite as charming on white lingerie waists. In the matter of belt pins, side combs, and like trinkets, which change in style every few months, only the most extravagant women think of having real gems

or solid gold. But not the most frugal woman of nice feeling would wear any kind of an imitation ring. In the matter of brooches and those charming neck adornments called *La Vallières*, the *art nouveau* has wrought a great change, and many women of the most exacting taste now wear these in preference to the real, sometimes. Instead of one diamond and pearl pendant, from which, on dressy occasions, she soon comes to seem inseparable, the woman of modest means to-day will own a number of dainty, unique *art nouveau* trinkets, set with baroque pearls or Colorado sapphires or rose quartz, and somewhere among her assortment will always find just the one which gives the final touch to her costume.

PARASOLS

Some one has asked me about parasols and some one has asked me about cosmetics, in relation to the thoroughbred woman. Parasols belong to the carriage, the lawn *fête*, the races, and like surroundings. The sunshade belongs anywhere it's needed. White parasols are strictly for effect, and not for service. They do not shade the eyes, but concentrate the glare; they should never be displayed except for "looks." Everybody knows

they are useless and everybody laughs to see a woman blinking under a white parasol on a blistering beach or a glaring roadway. Nor has a white or light parasol any place in the heart of a city. A dark-colored silk sunshade is permissible anywhere, but a parasol belongs only with a grand toilet and in surroundings where one is supposed to be "on parade," as it were.

COSMETICS

Cosmetics were treated, partly, in another chapter—that on the skin. The refined woman uses any cosmetic, privately, that is proved wholesome and that tends to keep her skin in good condition. She uses her good cold cream, her tan and freckle lotion if she needs it, her preparation for chapped hands, etc. All this is in the seclusion of her boudoir. When preparing to meet the world, she may use a little face powder if her skin requires it, but she never, never uses rouge nor pencil.

THE THOROUGHbred WOMAN ABROAD

Now I want to say a little about the thoroughbred woman abroad. You can always tell her instantly when you see her in a railway car or at a hotel. She travels with all those belongings which

are necessary to keep her in the perfection of grooming and comfort, but none of those belongings which attend the showier phases of her existence. She is not like some women I have encountered in Pullman sleepers who carried no impedimenta but a toothbrush, and a "dressing sack" to sleep in. She has her array of neat toilet necessities, has my lady of breeding; she has her hairbrush and nailbrush and toothbrush and clothesbrush; her comb and manicure articles; her face cloth and her personal towel of soft, snowy quality (how does she know what lurks in the stiffly laundered towel of the Pullman company?). But her baggage, if it is inclusive in the matter of toilet necessities—among which, too, are always her own drinking glass and her own soap—is exclusive of such fripperies as have no place on a train. Her gown is a severely tailored one of some dark stuff, and with it she wears a smart shirt waist of dark silk, in tailored style, or of white linen or madras, with neat collar and cuffs. Her hat is small, plain, and dark, and nearly or quite covered with a big traveling veil. Her gloves are tan or black. She wears a minimum of jewelry, and concentrates her effort at effect on the trimness of her belt and collar. On the train, she sits quietly, does

not fidget, attracts no more attention of any kind than she can possibly help, and does not get into conversation with her fellow-passengers unless, perhaps, it be an elderly woman traveling alone and obviously homesick, or a young mother who can be helped with a fretting baby. Even then, she refrains from telling any of her affairs to the strangers. I have traveled across the continent with charming gentlewomen, talked pleasantly with them now and then, as occasion seemed to require, and at the end of the journey did not know their names or where they hailed from, nor did they know my name or anything about me. Also, I have traveled with persons who before the train was well under way had managed to declaim to the whole car their destination, their mode of living, their opinion of their better halves, and what it was their custom to eat for Sunday breakfast. Nothing is more indicative of underbreeding than a wild desire for self-revelation.

DRESS FOR HOTELS

In hotels, your woman of distinction keeps very much on her dignity. She wears a tailored suit and silk or lingerie shirt waist to breakfast and, usually, her hat, but not her jacket or gloves or

veil. At luncheon, if she lunches alone, or with her family only, she wears the same costume, unless she is going to the *matinée* or some other dressy affair immediately after lunch, in which case she is dressed for that. If she is entertaining guests or being entertained, she probably substitutes a lace or white silk or satin waist for the shirt waist; or possibly, if she knows her friends will be in afternoon costume, wears a gown of voile or whatever she has for calling wear. At the theater, a dainty lace or messaline waist, with one's best tailored suit and immaculate white gloves, is always in perfect order for an out-of-town woman who, supposably, has not brought all she owns with her. But if a woman prefers, a quite elaborate toilet may be worn at the theater in New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the larger Southern cities, as well as many of the Western, without rendering its wearer what no gentlewoman desires to be—conspicuous. Only, nothing bordering on the *décolleté* should be worn, except to the opera, and then only if one sits in a box or one of the most fashionable seats. A much-dressed woman in the cheaper seats of the balcony is out of place. For dinner at a hotel one wears anything, up to a gown of solid Irish

lace, only it must be high-necked and not more than elbow-sleeved—long gloves being removed after one is seated at the table. Unless, however, one is known to be a woman of wealth and fashion, of whom such costumes are practically demanded, and the occasion, at that, be of a sort to call for them, it is in far better taste to go in to dinner daintily but not showily clad. Don't wear your street suit, as if you didn't care enough about the chief social hour of the day to change your dress and "prettify" for it. But don't swagger in with the look of one who must, at least, be going to the opera, when probably not a person who sees you will fail to surmise that you will spend your evening in the corridor listening to the orchestra and studying the other dresses. It is always well to give the impression of having abundant use for your "best clothes," so that you need not wear them on petty occasions "to get the good out of them."

Speaking of "swell" and "thoroughbred," I have seen many and many a woman lolling in the corridors of the Waldorf, whose gown must have cost a thousand dollars, and whose gems must have cost thousands beyond my compute. They were "swell"—oh, dear, yes! But "thoroughbred"? No, not the least sophisticated could ever have

taken them for that. The thoroughbred woman might have worn just as costly a gown and just as many jewels, but she would have worn them, as Ophelia said, "with a difference" that would have been palpable to the dullest witted. They would have seemed, somehow, "inevitable" with her, whereas with the merely "swell" woman they seemed so grotesque as to be quite pitiful. Pretense fools few people. It's better to keep on the safe side, to err on the side of plainness and diffidence rather than on the side of gorgeousness and vulgarity.

CHAPTER XIV

DON'T!

IT seems so hard for some people to learn what not to do. The other day I lunched with a young man who has made a big reputation for himself recently in newspaperdom and the lighter letters. He came from a small town, and in that small town married a buxom young wife. Their association with the polite world is of recent beginning, but I am afraid, from many signs, that they are not going to "catch on" very quickly to the little repressions that distinguish the thoroughbred from the well-meaning but crude. The young man and his wife asked me to lunch, evidently in return for some courtesies I had shown them in my home. We were scarcely seated at our table, in a famous grill room, when he urged me to "order a good lunch, for she's going to pay for it." "Indeed I'm not," said she. "I've all I can do to buy your breakfasts and dinners out of what you give me, without buying your luncheons." "Listen

to that!" he begged me. "And I give her a hundred dollars a week to run the house on!" I was silent, but the banter between them continued for several minutes, during the course of which she informed me that if she wanted anything and he didn't give her the money to buy it, she got it anyway, and had the bill sent to him. Imagine my comfort in these circumstances! Yet these young people are really devotedly fond of each other, and there was not an atom of ill-will in their interchange of charges and countercharges. But the vulgarity of it! I'm not a squeamish person! I dare say I make as large allowances for the good intentions that lurk behind poor practices as anybody I know. I still like those young people for all the simple, sincere things they are, but I cannot help deploring that they are so sadly deficient in good breeding, since the man's success seems likely to call them into contact with a great many persons who will be severe on their "rawness."

Don't allude to your other half as "him" or "her"; this is a characteristic of the slums — city and country. Don't even allude to him as "George," or her as "Gertrude," except to such intimates as call them by those names; speak of him, to the world in general, as "Mr. Roberts";

allude to her, even in her presence, as "Mrs. Roberts."

Don't discuss family failings or family finances except in family privacy. It is the most hideous taste to take strangers, or even close friends, into your confidence touching what you spend, or your dislike of the way your husband behaves in any particular. I have been in homes where the presiding geniuses would have been horrified to hear themselves called less than refined, but where the man of the house did not scruple to find fault with his wife in the presence of guests, children, and servants, and where the woman of the house did not scruple to complain to me of her husband's conduct. The acute discomfort of such a situation for a guest is such that no one willingly risks suffering it twice. Reticence about personal and family affairs and readiness to talk about world affairs are the first marks of the thoroughly bred.

Don't allow any conversation you carry on to be overheard, if you can help it; it is usually disagreeable to those who are obliged to overhear it, and it is always a mark of bad breeding to speak any louder than is absolutely necessary for the comfortable hearing of the person or persons you are addressing. Particularly in street cars, in

cafés and theaters and other public places, be careful to attract the least possible attention, by talking in a tone inaudible except to those properly included in the conversation.

Don't, in a restaurant, dining car, hotel, or like place, rattle off the list of things you desire, as if the waiter were an automaton. To-day a woman sat opposite me at lunch. Without raising her eyes from the menu, when the waitress came to take her order, she mumbled, in a monotone, "Chicken salad, coffee, and blueberry pie." That marked the woman unaccustomed to service. In a minute or two I saw a little bit of an old lady come in; she is a celebrated *grande dame*, and has known social eminence in every country on the civilized globe. The head waiter was showing her to her table, and she was chatting brightly with him as they came. When she sat down, and the waitress came for her order, she looked up at the girl and smiled. Then they had a little discussion over the menu, the old lady taking for granted the girl's interest and her special knowledge, in a way that was the perfection of elegant breeding. That little old lady could no more have mumbled off a list of her requirements without looking at the girl who was serving her, without infusing some gra-

ciousness into the ordinary business of ordering a light lunch, than she could have scooped up something with her knife or drunk her tea from a saucer or committed any other crime against good breeding.

Don't talk in theater or concert hall or other place of amusement while the performance is going on. It would seem as if this caution need not be made to any person with even a rudimentary sense of the rights of others; but what one of us ever goes to a public entertainment of any sort and is free from the excessive annoyance of underbred persons talking when they should be silent?

Don't go to an entertainment unless you expect to enjoy it, and if you find you are not enjoying it, be very careful how you make a show of your boredom, lest you spoil the possible enjoyment of others. The finer your cultivation, the more allowances you know how to make and the kindlier will be your attitude toward a performer or set of performers doing the best that is possible in the face of evident boredom or jeering.

Don't make remarks of an unkind sort about preacher, performer, or other public servitor, where you may be overheard. Imagine yourself the performer's wife or sweetheart or sister, and

think how the curt comment of a stranger would hurt you—you, who know so well what anxious weeks have preceded this performance, what toil of preparation, what suspense lest it fail, what hopes built on its success!

Don't forget that considerateness of the rights and happiness of others is one of the best “beautifiers” of life.

Now, some scattering “Don'ts” about clothes and a few other things. Don't wear white shoes with anything but a white or very light dress—preferably with only a white dress. And don't wear them to town. The place for white shoes is on the deck of a yacht, on the broad piazzas of a country house or hotel, on the greensward or the beach, but not on the city streets. I have seen women wearing white canvas shoes with dark silk and wool skirts and shirt waists—nothing could be in worse taste.

Don't indulge in lace veils, worn “bird-cage” fashion. There might possibly be a woman whom these veils would become, but I've never seen one, and I've seen a hundred who thus made guys of themselves.

Don't wear a regulation-size hunting-case watch

as if it were a chatelaine or, worse, as if it were a locket. A watch is not properly an ornament, but a utility; it does not belong in view. But if you have a tiny jeweled or enameled chatelaine and a proper pin to depend it from, you may wear it, if your taste inclines that way. Otherwise, a watch belongs out of sight.

Don't wear a bolt of ribbon at the back of your head. This is one of the silliest and most disfiguring of fashions, and carried to such insane extremes by the tawdriest class of factory and shop girls that I marvel any up-to-date girl of the better class continues the practice. The other day I saw the sixteen-year-old daughter of a charwoman I have helped from time to time. This girl was a few yards ahead of me going down the street, and what with the enormous black taffeta bow on her hair, and the only less enormous black ribbon bows on her cheap little low shoes, she looked so comical that I laughed aloud. Poor child! It was a pitiful little effort after what she thought finery, and I wouldn't have hurt her pride in it for a good deal. But when the daughters of a famous clergyman and theological professor sit in church wearing hair bows so huge that one positively has to squirm to get glimpses of the preacher between the bows,

I think "some one ought to know better in that family!"

Don't adopt the extreme in any fad. Be sure that the moment a thing becomes a fad and esteemed "swell" by the million, that moment it becomes anathema to the really smart. If a sales-girl assures you something is to be "all the rage," don't buy it. No woman of taste wears anything that is "all the rage." Exclusiveness is the first demand of those who have taste and money to indulge it. If you can't be exclusive, at least you need not buy things that you will see duplicated a thousand times. The market always affords a considerable variety, so that one may be comfortably in style without being clad like so many others as to feel like one of those poor little uniformed orphans we feel so sorry for when we see them in their blue-ginghamed monotony.

Don't wear a bunch of artificial violets pinned on your muff or your jacket or your dress. A bunch of real violets is always in good taste, but the artificial are unpardonable. Fashion changes with regard to the wearing of flowers. Sometimes it is quite usual to see flowers worn; sometimes, as of recent years, it is conspicuously unusual. No

one, nowadays, wears flowers of any kind except violets and possibly an orchid. There are a few naturally picturesque women who can pin a rose in their hair with charming effect, and who are always justified in doing so whether flowers in the hair be or be not fashionable. But more women make guys of themselves with this opportunity than otherwise, and a wise woman will be careful how she adorns her head with flowers. Sometimes more or less elaborate head adornments are in vogue. They have been "out" for some seasons, but are coming in again as I write. Many women manage to get quite distractingly coquettish effects in wreaths and bows and aigrettes and green leaves. Others seem to incline to the grotesque, as the sparks fly upward. One cannot be too careful in one's adaptation of fashions like this. I always remember an enormously stout woman, the mother of a married daughter, who wore to a dinner one night a very elaborate gown of palest "baby blue." In her hair she wore a wreath of "forget-me-nots," copied, one guessed, after something seen on some slip of a *débutante*. Well, I *can't* forget her! And the least recollection, now, of that infantile wreath surmounting that round, red countenance drives away "the blues."

Don't imagine that a style of hairdressing which makes the head resemble a particularly unkempt feather duster is "swell"; the cash girls think it is, but it isn't. Any thoroughly smart coiffure gives the head a trim appearance, in sharp contrast to the sloppy styles in vogue among the vulgar. At one time the "pompadour" got so frightful that the proprietors of good shops had to prohibit it among their saleswomen, in the interests of neatness. Now, it seems, the instinct for untidiness in hairdressing is expressing itself in huge bunches of hair at the sides of the head, over the ears. And here and there I note a tendency, among the girls whose pompadours were so offensive, to resurrect a style which was current in my childhood, and was called, if I remember rightly, a "flop." The "flop" was made by pulling half one's hair down into a bag at the back, after it had been loosely pinned up, and I can dimly recall monstrosities this fashion allowed. There used to be girls in school, in the classes above me, who "did up" their hair and who wore "flops" that hung a considerable distance down their backs. The smart hairdressing of the last few years, that has found favor with nearly all styles of women who "go in for" good grooming, has been the Marcel

wave, or Ondulation Marcel, and nothing neater could be imagined. Another charming style that has obtained of late, especially with younger women, is the princess or coronet braid. But great, woolly wisps, untidily done up, are always in the extreme of bad taste. Wherever a woman goes, nowadays, among the mass of womenkind, she is bound to encounter the sloppy girl with her hair down and her mouth full of hairpins and her teeth tugging at knots in greasy black taffeta ribbons. Every public dressing room is full of these girls, who seem to "re-wuzzle" their hair four or five times a day. It is all very disgusting to the woman of refinement, and no girl who aspires to be thought well of will ever let herself be classed with these frowsy individuals.

Although this is a beauty book and not a book of behavior, except in so far as behavior aids or mars beauty, I cannot refrain from a few remarks for young girls, hundreds of thousands of whom are constantly laying themselves open to suspicion, and worse, to temptation, through sheer ignorance of the wise conventions society has adopted for the safeguarding of the inexperienced.

In families of refinement and high ideals, noth-

ing is more jealously guarded than the fair name of the young daughters. The impossibility of anything like suspicion attaching to the names of these young girls is a point of pride with everyone who loves them and is jealous for their future. As I have said elsewhere, one ought never to give the impression of too great freedom lest one be counted among those women folk who are not so precious to somebody that they are watched over as we always watch over things for which we very greatly care.

Chaperonage may easily be carried to lengths quite ridiculously unnecessary in this country, where more freedom is possible for young girls than is possible in any other nation under the sun. A girl may do a great many things with impunity in America that would certainly cost her her good name if they should be done in France or even in England. But chaperonage must not be despised altogether and classed as an affront to girls' responsibility, simply because we do not care to carry it as far as some do.

In this country, for instance, if a girl goes to a dance at the house of a friend of whom her mother approves—and of course the dance would be chaperoned by the mother of the young hostess

—there is no need of the girl's mother going, too, and sitting out an interminable evening as a wall-flower. Presumably, no girl whose fair name is a matter of pride to her family goes to a dance or any other entertainment in any place with which her mother is not familiar and of which she does not approve. This being taken for granted, it is not necessary, in most of our social circles, for a chaperon to accompany the girl. It is even quite proper for the girl to go in a carriage with her escort and another young couple, as is commonly done. Some social circles would not allow this, but it is quite proper in the majority of instances. Also, it is quite proper for a young woman of eighteen or more to go to the theater without a chaperon, if her escort be a young man who is well known to her family. Many mothers who allow this, however, do not allow their daughters to go to cafés for after-theater suppers except when chaperoned, and this is eminently wise. A young woman may be in every way fitted to conduct herself with dignity in a café at a late supper, but there are so many who abuse such an opportunity that the careful girl dare not run the risk of being mistaken for the careless by those who do not know her well enough to be sure that

she is above reproach. Careful mothers, too, are not likely to favor unchaperoned expeditions to amusement parks, "wonderlands," and the like. It isn't because they can't trust their girls to conduct themselves becomingly; it's because a good many persons who see the girls at these places will not be as sure about them as their mothers are, and the tender mother cares more about shielding her girl from possible gossip of the misunderstanding than even to give her her wish for a "good time."

It is too bad that girls can't realize with what almost pathetic eagerness most mothers desire the happiness of their daughters as well as their good. It is instinctive with us all to wish to secure to those we love whatever they desire; if we can make them happy, their happiness creates our happiness. Particularly do mothers, shouldering their burdens of responsibility, feel glad to have their girls as "young" and care-free as possible while they may be. I can scarcely imagine a mother who would willingly deny her child a pleasure, if it were not that her sense of responsibility to the child's lasting good forbade. Any girl above seven years of age can understand that while it might be very pleasant for her five-year-

old sister to wade in a big puddle, it would be very unpleasant and dangerous for her to risk the consequences of wet feet, and that no mother worthy of the name dare refrain from stopping the puddle pleasure in view of the disaster likely to follow. Then why can't the average girl of sixteen take it for granted that if her mother forbids her going with a "crowd" to an amusement park or skating rink, it isn't because her mother is "hateful," but because she loves the girl's safety and fair fame so much that to insure it she's willing to bear the girl's sulking and misunderstanding?

The girls of people who "count," who are thoroughbred, do not "run wild" like the girls of the vulgar. The daughters of the elect do not have social dissipations while they are of school age. On Friday and Saturday evenings, and occasionally in vacation time, they have their wholesome, hearty pleasure times, but they do not go to parties in midweek; they are not *blasé* when the proper age for dancing and theatergoing has arrived. Girls who fly hither and yon on every invitation cheapen themselves inexpressibly and shut themselves out from more exclusive and delightful associations.

Don't do it, girls! Be precious of yourselves,

and appreciate the love and care of those who are precious of you. The best society is hardest to command. Don't cheapen yours by keeping it at every beck and call. People will think vastly more of you if they have to speak twice or thrice to get you, and if they know you think thrice before accepting any invitation. Our American girls are the most charming girls in the world, but they are menaced, always, by a great danger which their unusual freedom of action keeps before them. If a girl once gets the name of being "too free and easy," however innocently she gets it she can never live it down. This isn't an insensate prejudice; it's an instinct strong as society itself—part of the great instinct of self-preservation wherewith society seeks to safeguard the thing that is most precious to it, the irreproachableness of its women. A civilization has no more perfect test than the reverence it shows to womanhood, the chivalry its women inspire. Don't be too "hail fellow," girls! None of the romance you so dearly, and properly, love could be founded on that basis. I had a slight (I am happy to say very slight!) acquaintance once with a strong-minded female who taught higher mathematics and who maintained that there was no more reason why a man should assist her

to cross a street or alight from a car than that she should assist him. Her amazing unattractiveness beggars description, and no man, I hasten to say, ever felt any reason for so assisting her, unless it were one of sheer benevolence.

Don't be helpless in a silly, sloppy way; be quick to help others when you can, and to help yourself when you ought to. But don't let yourself get on that basis with the men about you where they don't see the pleasure of showing you such courtesies as their deep respect for you inspires. Some of the sweetest, finest, most ennobling things a woman can do for a man are the services she inspires him to by her need of him and his tenderness for her. Be the kind of girl that inspires tenderness and reverence; it's wonderful how those two go together when a lovely woman shows the way! Be precious of yourself—of your health and your beauty and your fine mind and your reputation—all—so that some glorious day you can surrender the guardianship of your worth to some one who will ask no greater glory than caring for you and protecting and defending you. Your honor becomes his honor on that great day; thenceforth no one can assail you except they assail him also. Take him an honor he can assume with all good

grace. Don't cheapen his treasure, before ever he wins it, by little familiarities, little "easy ways" you'll blush to remember, and to find other people remembering, when your better wisdom shows you their folly.

(2)

THE END

